

# M E R I C A N MERCURY

FEBRUARY 1957

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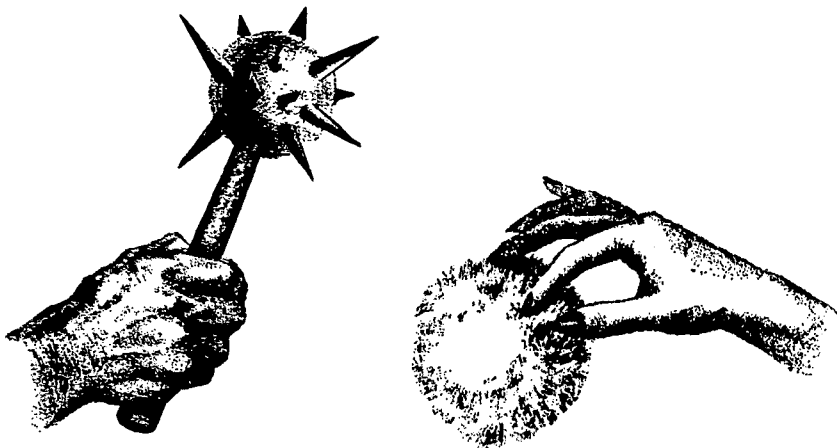
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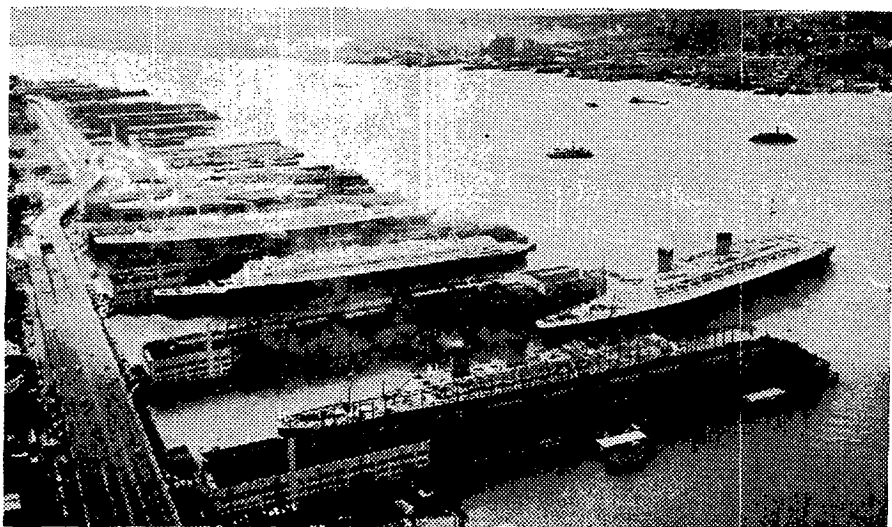


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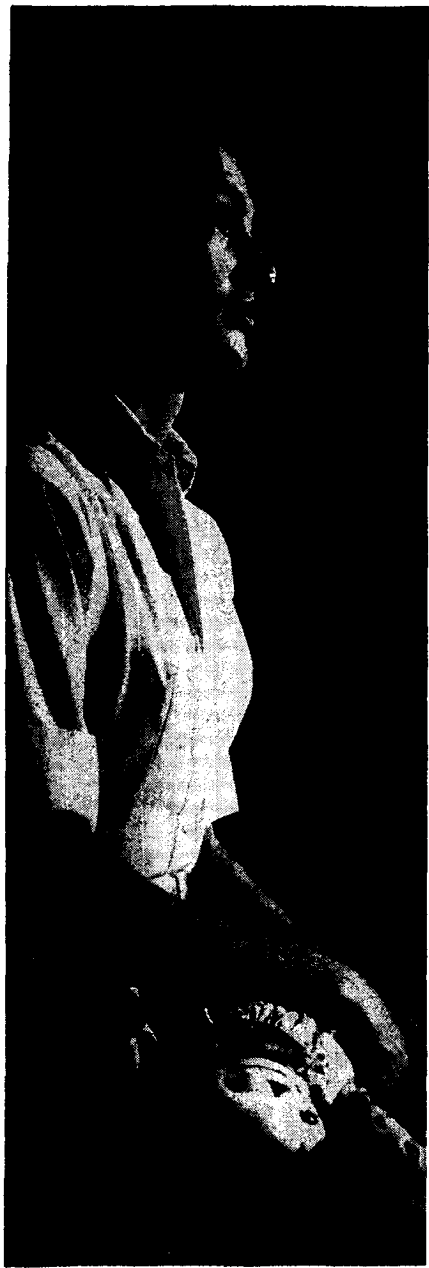
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## THE BURGESS – MACLEAN CASE

### Part One: Disappearing Diplomats

By Edna R. Fluegel

There has rarely been a more horrifying demonstration of the Kremlin's ability to infiltrate top levels of government than the revelation of the true facts of the Burgess-Maclean Case. That there may be other Burgesses and other Macleans, who are still working covertly in London or in Washington, unmasked and unsuspected, is a terrifying possibility, and for this reason the American Mercury is presenting these articles. The author, Dr. Edna R. Fluegel, Chairman of the Political Science Department at Trinity College, Washington, D.C., brought to her study of the Burgess-Maclean story an understanding of policy-making and of the role of technical officers gained from her own experience as a foreign affairs specialist in the State Department. Both as staff member and as foreign affairs consultant to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee she has also specialized for years in the study of infiltration and of policy subversion in the field of foreign policy.

ON THE NIGHT of May 25, 1951 Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, two British diplomats, vanished. On June 7, 1951, the story broke in the press—after a fashion. They might be on a continental spree; they might be dead; they might be idealists en route to Russia; they might even be traitors. Much later, they were homosexuals and drunkards; they had been

Communists; they might even be employed in Russia.

On September 11, 1953, Donald Maclean's American-born wife, Melinda, and their three children disappeared. Another flurry in the press and in the House of Commons followed.

Two years later, September 1955, the British Government Report on the Burgess-Maclean Case emerged

—the same month that the Petrov testimony was finally published. Petrov, a Russian agent and diplomat who sought and obtained asylum in Australia, charged that both British diplomats had been engaged in espionage through the years and it was admitted that they had been recruited by the Communist Party at Cambridge in the early '30's. Congressional committees have established that similar recruitment was taking place in the United States at the same time.

Finally, on February 11, 1956, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean appeared at a press conference in Moscow under Soviet auspices, to affirm that they were both employed by the Soviet Union.

Since then, the mother of Guy Burgess has visited her traitor son in Russia and the American relatives of the Macleans have corresponded with Mrs. Maclean.

If the mystery on the British side lingers on, however, the mystery on the American side remains totally unexplored.

The reasons are obvious. In the foreword to the best book on the Burgess-Maclean Case, *The Great Spy Scandal* (December 1955), the editor of the London *Daily Express* states that the book "is a story of pressure by newspapers to get the news and of determination in high places to conceal the news." In spite of the pressure by British newsmen, the "high places" were successful in evading many of the

fundamental answers to the British side of the Burgess-Maclean story. Far more startling is the success of Americans "in high places" in avoiding any pressure at all by selling the idea that the affair had only a British side.

Diplomats stationed in Washington—and in London, for that matter—meet and do business with Americans. What Americans met and did business with Maclean and Burgess: What business? Why were they stationed here? What, in short, do you know about the American side of the Burgess-Maclean operation? Why the blackout? How was it maneuvered?

A CAREFUL STUDY of the case as disclosed suggests answers to the "why." Some very, very "holy cows" were involved on the British side. Names like Baron Rothschild, Philip Toynbee, the Duke of Edinburgh, to say nothing of top leaders in both British political parties, insured a certain official reticence.

Then there was the broader and more significant aspect so brilliantly touched on by Whittaker Chambers in *Witness* when he said "Every move against the Communists was felt by the liberals as a move against themselves." Still more directly, in a comment on Alger Hiss' political alliances, social connections and identification with the cause of peace, Chambers observed: "His roots could not be disturbed without disturbing all

the roots on all sides of him." These considerations were certainly present in the Burgess-Maclean case. In this connection, it's interesting to note that before their flight, Donald Maclean is quoted as referring to himself as the Alger Hiss of England while Guy Burgess was terrified of Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Still another and perhaps the dominant factor in the tight blackout was and is the fear that full disclosure might stimulate Congress to enact measures restricting the pooling of classified information by the United States and Great Britain. Suppose you had known the truth in June 1951, for example, at the height of the Korean War, when an American President was publicly whining about the power of Red China, about losing allies and the danger of atomic bombs obliterating American cities. Suppose the facts had been made public *then* that one of the missing diplomats was a Far Eastern expert who had helped to sell the policy of recognizing Red China to the British Government at a secret meeting in 1949 and that the other had sat on a United States-British-Canadian atomic policy committee in 1944-1948. And suppose you had heard the Washington whispers about the Central Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency and other "supersecret" clearances—and access to codes—enjoyed by both gentlemen.

Suppose the facts, forced out by

the Petrov disclosures, and thanks in large part is due British journalists, had been acknowledged promptly. Had Americans known then that these "minor" diplomats had supplied the Russians with classified documents for photostating over the years, that one had penetrated the British—and, inevitably, American—intelligence apparatus, that they were operating in the two most crucial fields of atomic energy and China policy—would we not have pressed the questions of why, how, what and with whom? Do you know that the mystery of who tipped off Burgess and/or Maclean has never been resolved publicly: that a protective silence envelops all their American contacts?

FROM the welter of filth and treason and special influence that is the Burgess-Maclean case, perhaps the most revolting aspect of all is the complete absence of true moral indignation and honest anger on both sides of the Atlantic. Certainly the most terrifying element is the total lack of assurance that the opportunities for espionage they enjoyed have been closed and that the international ring of which they were so obviously members has been broken. They dealt primarily with Americans but what Americans?

The blackout—with some of the reasons for it and some of the disclosures forced out—emerges in

the story of how it was maneuvered. That, in itself, is a disheartening revelation of how democratic governments mock democracy by concealment and, if forced, by the piece meal doling out of news. While much that is vital, particularly on the American side, is still shrouded in security much that was disclosed was so cleverly disconnected as to time that its significance was obscured.

Here are some pieces of the jigsaw puzzle that is the American side of the case—some have been published but were “lost” in the doling-out process, others have not hitherto been disclosed.

ON THURSDAY, June 7, 1951, the day the British press broke the story of the “missing diplomats,” Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State, was appearing before the Joint Senate Committee on the Military Situation in the Far East. Here is what was recorded on the Burgess-Maclean Case, Vol. 3, pp. 2108-9:

SENATOR BREWSTER: And have you had reports on the recent episode involving apparently Britons high in the foreign service in Britain, and that is reported in the press today?

SECRETARY ACHESON: I heard that on the radio this morning. I had inquiry made at the British Embassy about it, but they know no more than the radio report.

SENATOR BREWSTER: Had you had

any earlier report on anything to indicate that anything of this sort would develop?

SECRETARY ACHESON: No.

SENATOR BREWSTER: And you have had no earlier reports regarding the possible treasonable activities of Donald Maclean as head of the American Department of the British Foreign Office?

SECRETARY ACHESON: No.

SENATOR BREWSTER: Are you acquainted with him?

SECRETARY ACHESON: I don't believe so. I have at one time or another met most of the staff of the British Embassy and I probably met him.

SENATOR BREWSTER: Mr. Guy Burgess assigned to the Far Eastern Department and specializing in Far Eastern affairs?

SECRETARY ACHESON: The same thing is true of him.

SENATOR BREWSTER: What is that?

SECRETARY ACHESON: The same answer would go for him as the other.

SENATOR BREWSTER: One or both I think they said had served in this country, and this report says Mr. Maclean was believed to have a thorough knowledge of secret Anglo-American exchanges on such subjects as the North Atlantic Pact, the Korean War and Japanese Peace Treaty. Mr. Burgess also probably was concerned with the preparation of the Japanese Peace Treaty.

If these men prove to be Soviet sympathizers, it would, I assume, be quite a serious matter in foreign relations.

SECRETARY ACHESON: That is correct.

SENATOR BREWSTER: And we did have the earliest case of Dr. Klaus Fuchs in the atomic-energy development.

SECRETARY ACHESON: That is right.

SENATOR BREWSTER: As I understand you had inquired of the British Embassy here but they had no further information about the matter?

SECRETARY ACHESON: I had inquiry made this morning and that was the answer I got.

SENATOR BREWSTER: I have here the latest, apparently, off the ticker, which says:

"News of their disappearance caused a sensation in Paris diplomatic circles. One high western diplomat exclaimed 'Oh, my God! There goes the tripartite files of the Big Four Deputies meeting.'"

If this is true, would that be a matter within the purview of the head of the American desk, or the Far-Eastern desk?

SECRETARY ACHESON: I don't know how the British Foreign Office operates. I imagine that if this man had jurisdiction over relations with the United States, he would have knowledge of what our discussions were in Paris.

INCREDIBLE, but true, nobody questioned this alleged failure of the British Government to notify the United States in the twelve-day interval—May 25 to June 7, 1951—that elapsed between flight and publication, nor did they question the reported ignorance of the British Embassy in Washington where Burgess had been stationed as recently as April of that year. The statements, if true, were shocking. We were at war and England was our ally, but our Secretary of State heard it on the radio. We also, according to his statement, had a Secretary of State who did not know the functions of the American Department of the British Foreign Office! The Congressmen did not ask because they would not know until September, 1955, about the world-wide British security investigation carried on throughout 1950 and 1951 because of a British finding in 1949 that secrets had been leaked for years. Did Mr. Acheson know or was this item—which might have alerted us— withheld by our ally?

So much for Mr. Acheson—and the Joint Committee which did not even remind the Secretary that he himself had testified that checking on Allied reaction to "hot pursuit" had been limited to six nations because "this would be a military operation which you would not wish to inform the enemy about" and "it was probably a view of not spreading the security too widely."

The "hot pursuit" message, stating that the United Nations Commander had "strictest orders about violations in Manchurian territory" was dated November 13, 1950 and was communicated to Great Britain. Burgess was then attached to the British Embassy in Washington; Donald Maclean was head of the American Department of the British Foreign Office. Either or both could have supplied that and other vital messages to the Soviets.

Burgess, moreover, may well have been the source of much classified information which leaked to American newspapers in those critical months. Certain columns appearing in December, 1950, for example, were almost literal recordings of orders and of policy papers. By a remarkable coincidence, these columnists labored to focus attention on Maclean and "swept Burgess under the carpet." Burgess certainly had contacts with some of them as he had a background in news and broadcasting work.

However, none of this was the concern of the American State Department, which did not even question the American brother-in-law of Mr. Donald Maclean until September 1953. This in spite of the fact that he (Jay Sheers, recently a writer for the United Nations) had been a security guard at Mutual Security Headquarters in Paris until April 1951 and had visited Donald and Melinda Maclean in May, shortly before Maclean's flight.

If the State Department is to be believed, it had little in the files and made the first inquiry of its own personnel the summer of 1956 in response to a Senate Subcommittee request. The State Department turned up no information!

THE BRITISH do seem to have believed that part of the story was to be unearthed in Washington. Sir Percy Sillitoe, head of M. I. 5, British Intelligence, flew to the United States and held talks with J. Edgar Hoover on June 12, 1951. Well-established reports also place Sillitoe at the Pentagon conferring with G-2. The results have not been disclosed, but the FBI did take some action. On June 13, 1951, it suddenly withdrew from the International Police Commission, then opening sessions at Lisbon and at least one British paper (Daily Express) assumed a connection. Statements appearing in papers also indicated that the FBI interviewed certain ex-British naturalized Americans who knew the diplomats. Presumably, the results of the investigation remain in FBI files. Certain government employees who normally would have had contact with the diplomats have since been removed, transferred, or have abruptly resigned, but in no instance has a connection with Burgess or Maclean been publicly established.

There is one new fact which has recently emerged quite casually.



Truman admits in his *Memoirs* (pp. 374-5) that there was a formal commitment with the British, made prior to November 6, 1950, not to take action which might involve attacks on the Manchurian side of the Yalu without consultation with the British. He also states that this information was first given MacArthur on that date in response to his message of intent to bomb the bridges. Is it jumping at conclusions to presume that this fatal commitment was known to the British Far Eastern expert at the British Embassy in Washington and to the Head of the American Department of the Foreign Office in London—and assuredly to the Russians, the Red Chinese and the North Koreans? When was the commitment made? Truman does not say. Its existence was “pointed out” to him by Assistant Secretary of State, Dean Rusk.

Almost as a fact-note to the government’s silence on the case is a paragraph in an address by Secretary of the Army Wilber M. Brucker, February 17, 1956 in which he seems to largely overlook Burgess, but does admit, for the first time in an address cleared by the Executive Branch of government, that Burgess and Maclean damaged American as well as British interests:

“Just last Saturday, the Soviets

finally unveiled Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, two prize pieces of evidence of the deceit and treachery which have so long been principal characteristics of Communist tactics, and have brazenly flaunted them in our faces. It is sobering indeed to reflect that one of them held a high position in the British Embassy in Washington over a period of four critical years, and knew about some of our most closely guarded secrets—secrets of priceless value to the communist conspiracy. It provokes equally serious thought to recall that for almost five years the Soviets have consistently disclaimed any connection with either of these men—have sneeringly denied that they had fled to the Soviet Union. This successful subversive operation, planned and executed with consummate skill, well illustrates not only the vicious nature of the monster with which we must deal, but also the depths of its penetration into the vitals of the Free World. It is a startling reminder of the grim task ahead.”

HOW CAN we know unless we are told? Is there any reason on earth why at this late date the full story of Burgess and Maclean during their stays in this country—their functions, their access to American secrets and their American contacts—should not be clarified? Is anyone, including Mr. Brucker, reasonably sure that it could not happen again?

*Editor's Note:* In the second installment: the men nobody knew—the people who did know and who might have known—questions and recommendations



## **PARENTS ON THE SIDELINES**

**by Josh Drake, Jr.**

I AM a sports fan. I thoroughly enjoy baseball, basketball, football and all the other games played by our high school boys and girls. Sports are good for our schools as long as we remember that studies should come first and ball games second. But when they get out of hand and the tail starts wagging the dog, then sports become a drawback to any school.

A few years ago the boy's basketball team in the little Oklahoma agricultural town where I live won the state high school championship. I followed them through the season and through the district, regional and state tourneys as a reporter for our local newspaper. In

every close game I became excited and yelled until I was hoarse.

It took several years to build that team of champions, and after they graduated it was necessary to start all over again trying to make good players out of inexperienced ones. Our school may have a good team again in a few years, but it will probably be 20 years or longer before it comes up with another truly great team.

During two basketball seasons, our boys built up the unbelievable record of 61 wins against two losses. They were small boys as basketball players go. Not one of them was over six feet tall, but they proved that high school basketball is not completely dominated by boys from six-and-a-half to seven feet. By speed, poise, teamwork and the will to win, they beat the best in the state. Those boys were magnificent. Time after time they would pull a game out of the fire in the last minute. They were graceful when they won and were good sports on those rare occasions when they dropped a game. However, while our players were conducting themselves like gentlemen, several of our fans were not.

During those two seasons when we had a great team I saw many good church-going citizens lose their reason in the cyclone of hysteria that swept over our town. The craze to win every game became so intense then that it was really frightening.

THE PURPOSE of high school athletics is not only to teach our children how to give their very best while the game is being played but also to be a good winner or a good loser when the game is over. This helps our boys and girls to condition themselves mentally and physically for the responsibilities they must shoulder in later life. However, when the players, coaches or fans develop the attitude that the team should win every game, by hook or by crook at any cost, they are defeating the purpose of high school sports.

I have seen sports fans practically mob officials after the game because of an unpopular decision. Fans should remember that the state high school athletic association selects only officials of high caliber. However, these officials are human and occasionally make honest mistakes like anyone else. But officials are nearer to the plays than the spectators and see them more clearly.

Most of the fans in my home town were well behaved, but a few hotheads gave our whole community a bad name. These rooters were good people under normal conditions, but in heated games they shouted cruel accusations at officials, opponents, and even our own boys. They were so win-crazed that they screamed, "Take the lazy loafer out!" when a player made the smallest mistake. When our boys won, they were called

great, but when they lost a heart-breaker by one point, in an over-time match, the unreasonable fans called them loafers and bums.

One member of the team, whom I shall call Charles, was usually the leading scorer. He was a sensitive lad but tried to cover up by talking loud and walking with a swagger. Some fans thought he should be high-point man in all 63 games played over two seasons. This was too much to expect, for no player can be perfect all the time. However, if his performance in any game was less than perfection, some fans shouted that he was loafing or showing off. Their yelling at him when he made the smallest bobble hurt him deeply. If he hadn't been a very good boy, the riding he took from the fans could have warped his whole outlook on sports.

During an invitation tourney early in the season, our boys lost one of those heartbreakers by one point. The score was 70 to 71. Charles hadn't been his usual brilliant self. Those fans who thought it was almost a disgrace to the whole town to drop a single game said that the whole team, especially Charles, were a bunch of conceited smart-alecks who lost because they hadn't tried.

I wonder how those fans felt when they read my column the next day. Charles had played the whole game with a fever of 101. He had suffered an attack of flu

the day before the tourney began and had gotten out of bed to play.

A TEAM that is crowned the best of all the hundreds of teams in a state must train hard, make many sacrifices, fight desperately every second and have a certain amount of good luck. In those sudden death play-offs, a team is eliminated when it drops a single game. One mistake can make the difference, and often great teams that should have reached the finals are eliminated early. The physical and mental strain on the players is terrific.

All through those two great seasons I watched those boys play night after night while suffering from flu, twisted knees, bad ankles and blistered feet. In several games, boys played when they should have been in bed. They kept driving themselves, torturing themselves, because the "Win at any cost" fever

had hit our community. As they fought their way, limping through the district, regional and state tournament—with the competition getting keener and their nerves stretched to the snapping point—I felt like crying as I watched them warm up for a game. They felt they had to win, or the folks back home would never forgive them.

Every player on that great team graduated shortly after being crowned state champs. Since then, the school and fans have been trying to put together another one, one that will bring home a second state championship. I suppose I am the only sports fan in our town who is not anxious for that to happen. If the local fans knew I felt that way they would probably never read my little sports column again. But I sometimes wonder if a team that wins them all, at whatever cost, is good for the players, the school or the fans.

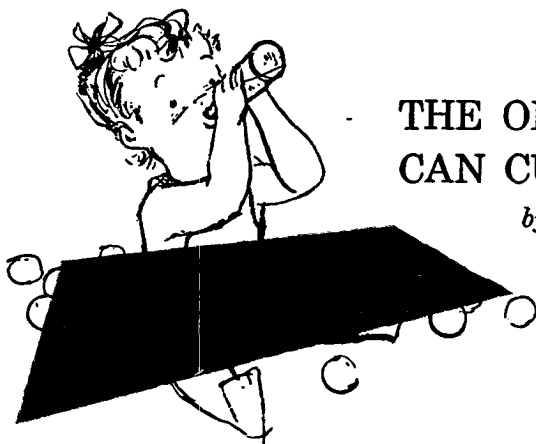
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### *White Magic*

Two friends of ours drove through Mexico and as far into Central America as they could get. At one point they even hitch-hiked a ride for their car on a dinky railroad, to penetrate an area that had seldom seen an automobile.

The natives at this remote point were only mildly interested in the many mechanical gadgets with which the Yankees attempted to dazzle them. However, one of their possessions created an absolute sensation. It was an ordinary box of Kleenex tissues. Each time a tissue was pulled out of the box, and a new one popped up in its place, the crowd went wild.

—BILL ARTER



## THE ORANGE CAN CURE YOU

*by Henry S. Galus*

**I**N HER phone call, the frantic new mother had reported that her infant "couldn't hold a thing in his stomach." Arriving, the doctor briefly examined the bawling boy and reached into his bag.

"Nothing more serious than diarrhea," he told the frightened mother. "Now we won't worry too much about that, will we?" He held up a powdered substance. "This will do it."

She was wrenching her fingers. "But is it a *harsh* drug, doctor—I mean, he's suffered so already . . ."

"Harsh?" The physician smiled. "It's only a slice of orange."

Bed-manneredly, he was oversimplifying. But then the chemical terminology of "methoxylated polygalacturonic acids" might have sounded too ominous.

In any case, the remedy was basically pectin—the fruit derivative used in jellies and preserves since

grandma's homemaking days. Now it is the chief member in a growing family of constituents being isolated from orange pulp and peel with freshly awakened interest in its medical and nutritive worth.

Government and industrial chemists have never torn apart an orange more eagerly, stimulated as they've been by the discovery of at least 100 food and drug values to date. As one chemist put it, "Almost enough to stock a drugstore." Some of the isolated properties are old stuff but have had to await singular prominence until current new lab techniques were devised. Others hadn't been credited to the orange before.

The next time you sip breakfast juice or bite into a section of the fruit, you'll be swallowing vitamins, carbohydrates, enzymes, fats and proteins. That sweet taste of the nutritional nugget is spelled out

by three types of sugar—glucose, levulose and sucrose. But you'll also be ingesting dozens of bone and body-building properties like phosphorus, potassium, calcium, sulphur, carbon, chlorine, iron, and magnesium.

"Whereas only fifteen years ago we had but a meager idea of what the orange contained," says Dr. G. E. Hilbert, chief of the Bureau of Agricultural and Industrial Chemistry, "current research recognizes eleven amino acids, seventeen carotenoid pigments, of which four have Vitamin A activity, and eleven flavonoids of which eight have not as yet been identified." Amazing as the known total of orange values is, the end of the research rope isn't in sight. "There are probably many other constituents still to be found," adds Dr. Hilbert.

**B**Y FOLLOWING a few shopping and home-use hints from the professional identifiers, you'll get fuller benefits of the health factors in an orange:

(1) Purchase the fruit by "feel"—heavier oranges have more juice content.

(2) Don't worry over the difference between "tree ripened" and "freight-car ripened" oranges. All are as ripe as they'll ever be upon picking.

(3) Don't strain out the "floating particles" in juice. It's pulp packed with high mineral and vitamin contents.

(4) The "color added" confession on a peel does not suggest inferior quality or possible harm. Only orange peel is treated, and the dye used is as harmless as that you eat in butter, candies or cake icings.

(5) You won't be "poisoned" by juice refrigerated in the original can after opening.

The health worth of the fruit was pretty well established even before Columbus supplied seeds to Haiti for the first orange grove in this hemisphere on his second voyage in 1493. Hippocrates, in 400 B.C., believed that citrus fruit could curb scurvy. Hawkins, the English explorer of the South Seas, wrote of scurvy as "the plague of the seas and spoyle of mariners." He fed his crew "sower oranges" to prevent the disease. It was up to modern science, however, to determine that his deck hands were helped by ascorbic acid (Vitamin C).

To set the record straight, we still don't know everything about the physiologic action of pure Vitamin C from an orange. But for its much higher ascorbic-acid volume in relation to most other common fruits, the orange more than the apple deserves that old and familiar recommendation of "one a day" to ward off doctors from proximity to your family budget. Those crystalline oblongs scientists see under the microscope are the best bodily insurance against C-avitaminosis (disease state caused by low Vitamin C intake). The

first major harm is a breakdown of the cell substances in blood vessels, muscles, teeth and bones.

Complications attributed to C-avitaminosis are many. Among doctors who are familiar with more serious ones, Dr. S. B. Wolbach declared in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association that ascorbic-acid deficiency may be the underlying cause of hemorrhages "anywhere in the body," resultant prolonged anemia, loss of bone-supporting cartilage, heart enlargement and damaged heart muscle, and degeneration of the sex organs.

**B**ABY DOCTORS now realize that old-fashioned reliance on a milk formula to maintain infant health wasn't altogether correct. Take the case of a one-year-old boy who was more than ordinarily bow-legged, could barely stand, and erupted into more tears the more his mother coaxed him to walk. The pediatrician she consulted found the child's bones weak and under-developed, the joints swollen and sensitive; any infant would cry upon suffering the pain flashes he did. Placed on a heavy orange-juice diet, the boy was soon as cavortingly chipper as other healthy ones in his age bracket.

If the mother of a breast-fed newborn consumes little Vitamin C, her milk will not satisfy the cry of the baby's blood needs. Cow's milk contains an appreciable amount of

the health value, but the truth is that pasteurization cuts its potency by a third, and further reduction takes place in standing milk. Heating methods necessary in producing evaporated milk exact still another toll of the vitamin. Thus, because not every mother insists that the routeman deliver fortified milk, an increasing number of baby specialists are routinely prescribing orange juice in the first month of life—just to be sure.

That prescription is based on other good reasons, of course. In the same orange juice or whole orange, we get the benefits of several members of the B-complex group: thiamin, riboflavin, niacin, choline, biotin, inositol, para-aminobenzoic acid, and pantothenic acid.

Enough evidence now exists to show that all are necessary as diet supplements for keeping body tissue healthy, combating infections, and suppressing pathogenic agents that produce disease.

In 1936, while working with the citrus class we now call "bioflavonoids," a Hungarian scientist isolated what he called Vitamin P. According to Dr. A. Szent-Gyorgyi, this consisted of two crude derivatives which he considered to be merely impurities in Vitamin C. In follow-up research, both American and European researchers eventually learned that the components were eriodictyol, glycoside and hesperidin—the last the most



important. And these investigations also confirmed that the discoverer had happened upon a promising new therapeutic agent.

For Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi had claimed that his potion could correct the fragility of blood vessels. As experiments on both continents continued, hesperidin was seen capable of performing Vitamin P's function in the human body. Then why not explore its medicinal worth in contact with progressed disease? From the start, the tests paid off. Taken orally, hesperidin is a valuable treatment in pleurisy and tuberculosis cases, as well as other diseases in which capillary damage occurs. Good results have been obtained in some cases of rheumatic fever, especially in the feeling of well-being and "quietude" the drug seems to produce in the patient.

But while scattered other credits are being permitted the citrus chemical, medicine hesitates in according in a niche among wonder drugs until a larger number of impressive case histories pile up. Hesperidin's wider application is also being held up until chemists finally determine whether differing quantities will be equally non-toxic to different types of patients.

Meantime, scientists in general—and particularly those on citrus-industry payrolls—are busily and properly educating everyone from nine to ninety on the nutritional and therapeutic values of the or-

ange's newest-recognized, most marvelous constituent of all: protopectins. Perhaps less known to many of us is that the "proto" prefix (representing the primary substance) is dropped through conversion by intestinal juices. The "leftover," or pectin, is what our body really uses.

Briefly, though not to elaborate on the multi-color advertising campaign underway, one whole orange a day will supply enough gelatin-like pectins to not only lubricate the intestinal walls and promote normal bowel movements but correct diarrhea tendency, act as a cleansing agent, aid digestion of many over-rich or harsh foods, stabilize alkalinity, and help your body build up anti-disease bacteria.

Though science only recently saw that these physiologic feats occur, it had spottingly been considering pectin's therapeutic possibilities ever since 1824. In that year Dr. Henri Braconnot announced his discovery of a fruit acid that made an extract of artichokes jell. He looked to the Greeks who, as usual, would have a name for it. Pectin seemed fine, since it meant "to congeal."

**B**RACONNOT's second important contribution came with his revelation that his fruit jellies appeared to neutralize body poisons. Other French doctors wanted to conduct tests, which for a while turned the discoverer into history's

first real jelly manufacturer. His colleagues asserted that they got good results in treating victims of lead and copper poisoning, but despite this the pectin idea didn't earn widespread medical acceptance, dying shortly after.

A century was to pass before its re-discovery, when a handful of doctors almost coincidentally reported success in using pectin as a hemostatic agent. In 1925, for example, H. Violle and L. de Saint-Rat wrote of experiments in which they had found pectin coagulating drawn blood. Some doctors who fed it to known prolific bleeders, prior to surgery, claimed pectin shortened abnormal bleeding time.

Such pronouncements provided stimulus for added researchers to concentrate on pectin tests. Demands for the substance took a sharp upswing. Since the orange was found to contain from three to five times more pectin than most other abundant fruits and vegetables, the major job of extracting the pharmaceutical fell to the citrus industry. Some three-million pounds yearly of the dried, ground food-drug are pouring out of modern plants devoted exclusively to its manufacture in the important orange-grove states of California and Florida.

Processed for easy, modern application, pectin as a powdered hemostat can be taken in capsule form, used to "dust" fresh wounds, or consumed in foods like pud-

dings. Mixed as a solution, it is injected into muscle or vein. Paradoxically, pectinum (as it is termed in drug usage) does not coagulate circulating blood, which obviously would be tragic. As explained by Dr. Willard E. Baier, research chief for the California Fruit Growers Exchange, "Administered intravenously, pectinum apparently causes the formation of additional factors necessary in the neutral clotting mechanism of our blood."

AT A Chicago medical conference one month before Pearl Harbor, another brilliant chapter opened for the amazing orange property. Dr. Frank W. Hartman and three other pathologists from Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit said that "pectin sols"—solutions—had proved effective in treating four emergency shock victims. If any doubts were inspired by the small number they mentioned, two years later these were dramatically dispelled.

Drs. Hartman, Warren, Schelling and Brush reported additional "satisfactory results" with the sols as substitutes for older remedies in 125 clinical cases. And at Cook County Hospital in Chicago, similar success was realized in a total of sixty shock treatments during 1944. It didn't take long after that for hospitals across the country to offer the evidence of several hundred more cases. Here was a drug that produced no worrisome side

effects, they said, and it was passed off without difficulty largely in the patient's urine. A safe, ample, inexpensive medical godsend!

In the midst of scientific excitement over pectin's latest stride, Dr. Glenn H. Joseph and his associates at the Sunkist Laboratories were quietly turning to new research based upon what they understood about pectin shock therapy. They knew that in shock, blood plasma is driven into tissues surrounding the circulatory vessels. Pectin solutions, then, acted as blood substitutes—or more correctly extenders, since no true substitutes have ever been found or are likely to be discovered.

THE SUNKIST staff undertook tests aimed at perfecting a solution capable of unfailingly proper blood dilution, thus safely "stretching" the original remainder after "shock leakage" and helping it to transport the high concentration of red cells still in the vascular system to the body's vital organs. All of this is necessary to prevent vascular collapse in a patient who

is on the brink of death. By 1950, Dr. Joseph was convinced that pectin sols could accomplish the miracle he'd dreamed of.

He believes that in any future crisis, as an atomic attack on America when thousands of lives might depend on a plentiful plasma extender, science could rely safely—and *cheaply*—on the citrus industry to provide ample basic pectin.

Cost of enough pectin for making one pint of solution is about five cents. Processing techniques of the drug industry would vault this amount substantially, but the total when compared to the estimated prices of other plasma replenishers, also currently in the experimental stage, plainly casts the advantage in favor of pectin.

This heartening promise from leaders in citrus research, together with the many benefits we are already enjoying from 20 billion oranges a year, stresses God's gift of more gold to mankind than can be measured in the scales used by those who sell our most wonderful fruit.

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### *One For the Lady*

The driver of the foreign-made sport car brought his convertible to a screeching stop at the gas station. He adjusted his beret, posed a cigarette holder and then turned his back on the young attendant at the pumps to look at the gorgeous blonde passenger at his side. "Fill her up with petrol," he said, not bothering to turn around.

"I'll do that," the young attendant replied, "but what are *you* having, sir?"

—CHARLES RUFFING



## RIDING THE WASP

by Vincent R. Tortora

**W**ASP" is the English translation for the Italian word, *vespa*. And Vespa is the generic name for the well over a million two-wheel motor-scooters that have so markedly changed the face of modern Italy. They are so named regardless of whether they are actually made by the Vespa Company of Genoa or by such companies as Lambretta, Agusta or Ducati. People who ride on the motor-scooters are called *Vespisti* and the verb for "to acquire a motor-scooter" is *vespizare*. This group represents the overwhelming majority of Italians. It is made up of the hundreds of thousands of workers, students, farmers, business and professional people of

both sexes, who depend on the motor-scooter for fast, convenient and economical transportation.

The models of the Vespa begin at about three-hundred dollars. Their speeds range from 45 to 65 mph. Most have a cylinder displacement of 8.88 cubic inches and get about 107 miles on a gallon of gas-oil mixture. They are 5½ feet long, 3 feet high, weigh about 190 pounds and can be pushed or carried almost anywhere. This almost obviates parking problems. A Vespista can mount his vehicle wearing his "Sunday best," ride 100 miles and get off completely clean and fresh. He rides with his feet comfortably together, on the floor-

board in front of him. The motor is totally enclosed and behind the saddle. All his controls, except the rear wheel brake, are hand-operated. The steering is effortless and the equilibrium, remarkable. The 3.50 x 8 inch tires give the Vespa much of the maneuverability and safety of a larger motorcycle.

The motor-scooter has come to mean for Italy what the Volkswagen has for Germany; a popular means of motorization. Not even the most remote hamlet in the Italian back-country has been spared the sharp buzz of the Vespa. Many towns have never been visited by automobile, but, as a young Vespita in Calabria said, "Wherever donkeys go, the Vespa goes too." As a matter of fact, there are several hundred thousand less automobiles in Italy than motor-scooters; and bicycles, long Italy's major form of transportation, go past in ever shrinking numbers.

**T**O STAND ON a street corner where Vespisti come by is to observe a fantasy of variety . . . priests and nuns, with their ample habits trailing picturesquely behind them, sitting upright and placid in the saddle . . . business-men, with well worn portfolios dangling from the handle-bars, shifting their gaze anxiously from the road ahead to their wrist-watches . . . well-dressed and handsome women sitting up primly and making obvious efforts to look past the

stares of their Latin compatriots . . . farmers carrying squawking geese, ducks and chickens to market . . . young couples, she riding side-saddle prettily and revealingly and he, heading deliberately for every bump to jounce her into holding him tighter . . . messenger boys balancing huge objects on the handle-bars or on the rear pillion . . . an occasional family on an outing, with wide-eyed children swarming all over the tiny vehicle.

The official birth of the motor-scooter in Italy took place in October 1945 when a rough prototype was completed by the Piaggio Company of Genoa. The Piaggio brothers, Enrico and Armando, had worked long and hard with a well known aeronautical engineer, Corradino D'Ascanio, to develop an economical and efficient vehicle to meet Italy's enormous post-war transportation shortage.

"Admittedly," Dr. Enrico Piaggio laughs, "the first motor-scooter was a horrible looking thing, and people ridiculed us to our faces." But several months of work on the motor and body by engineer D'Ascanio produced a readily acceptable machine.

Its particular contour and the high-pitched sound the 42 pound aluminum micromotor emitted earned it the name Vespa—or wasp.

**I**N 1946, 2,500 Vespas were built and immediately buzzed their way into the public fancy. The suc-

cess of the little machine undoubtedly brought great personal satisfaction to the Piaggio Brothers. But on a much larger scale it meant that the huge Piaggio industrial complex was back in business.

During the war, before its factories in Sestri, near Genoa, and Pontedera, near Pisa, had been almost totally destroyed by Allied bombings, the Piaggio Company had been one of Europe's largest manufacturers of airplanes and airplane motors. Before the war, and to some degree during the war, Piaggio made trucks, railroad cars, trolley cars, busses and motor-launches.

Dr. Enrico Piaggio, his face visibly clouding-up at the thought of what might have happened, says: "Our over 10,000 employees were thrown out of work by the bombings and by the fact that, as soon as the war was over, our production fell to zero. In fact, we were prohibited from making airplanes by the peace treaty. So you see it was essential that we find a new peacetime product for the sake of the Piaggio Company and our employees."

To-day there are about 6,000 people employed in the actual production of the Vespa at Piaggio and another 15,000 in its sale and service. More than 15,000 units come off the modern assembly lines each month.

As was inevitable, Italy's European neighbors began develop-

ing a taste for the "mighty mouse," as an Austrian newspaper man put it. In the early days, when export of the motor-scooter was not permitted to those countries bordering on Italy, a flagrant and profitable black market in Vespas operated. Professional "weekender" couples pulled up to border stations on the coastal road leading onto the French Riviera or on the road skirting Lake Maggiore and leading into Switzerland and, through emotional entreatments, prevailed on the authorities to permit them to cross the border and spend a few hours in Menton or Locarno, as the case might be. Permission was usually granted. But, a mile or so past the border they met pre-arranged contacts and sold their Vespas at a large profit. After all-concealing night fell, they were quietly rowed along the Mediterranean coast or down the middle of Lake Maggiore back into Italy.

It was several months before the border officials were successful in stopping this illegal traffic.

Nor were the restrictions made on the import of Vespas relaxed by the major countries of Europe. They feared for their own economic survival in an intensely competitive industrial climate. Though the demand for Vespas was great in France, Britain, Germany, Austria and Spain, almost no vehicles were made available.

Finally, when local manufacturers had tried making their own

version of the motor-scooter with negligible results, the Vespa was permitted qualified access. Industrial concerns like ACMA in France, Vespa-Messerschmitt in Germany, Douglas Ltd. in England and Moto Vespa Company in Spain, were licensed to manufacture the Italian machine. Assembly plants have been established in Belgium and Chile. The Motor Industry SA is the Belgium plant while Spencer & Cio is located in Chile. Plans are under way for new factories in Argentina, Brazil and India.

Today, the four Vespa factories outside Italy produce about 15,000 units a month and have set up networks of agencies in about 25 countries and colonies within their zones of influence. Another 50 countries are supplied directly by the Piaggio Company. In all, about 11,000 small shops and huge garages dotting the free world, display the familiar red, white and blue disk announcing "Vespa Service."

In the United States, the long time exclusive representative of Piaggio was Sears and Roebuck. Now the Vespa Distributing Corporation shares distribution privileges with Sears and Roebuck. A few years ago several thousand Vespas especially made for the U. S. consumer were introduced experimentally under the name Allstate Cruisair. One of the Sears and Roebuck executives, commenting on this sizable venture in trans-

oceanic trade, said; "In this country where the taste seems to be for large cars and motorcycles, we have sold well over 20,000 Vespas. And there is still a vast potential market in students, commuters, rural postmen, one-car families and so forth. In most other countries, as soon as the people became aware of the many advantages of the indomitable little motor-scooter, they almost started a run on the Vespa agencies. The day may come when a swarm of the minuté 6 H.P. Vespas will proudly share the American highways with large 300 H.P. sedans."

The advertising program of the Piaggio Company has been nothing short of brilliant. An Italian journalist put it: "The Vespa has been made equally appealing to the rustic and the royal."

ON ONE HAND, the Vespa is represented as the ideal functional vehicle for heavy work, rough terrain and constant use. In this context, it is, almost without exception, displayed fittingly at farm shows, fairs and labor conventions. On the other hand, the "Versatile Vespa" is immersed in an aura of glamour and chic. It is displayed, for example, in the show-windows of exclusive stores in Italy, Spain and France to highlight stylish sports clothes and beach-wear.

Probably the greatest and most effective publicity for the Vespa comes through the multifold activ-



ities of Vespa clubs all over the world and the alliance called Vespa Club of Europe. The latter was founded in February of 1953 and incorporates the 80,000 members of Vespa Clubs in Austria, Belgium, Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain and Switzerland into a very close association under Dr. Renato Tassinari, also the president of the Vespa Club of Italy. For the most part, V.C.E. organizes and sponsors sporting events, Vespa tours, Vespa rallies and the like. It is always at the service of the Vespisti, in whatever country of Europe he may be.

Among the sporting events under V.C.E. auspices are annual competitions like the Thousand Kilometer Race, the Feminine Audax, the Tour of the Three Seas (Adriatic, Ionian and Tyrrhenian) and the Cup of the Alps Race. Members of V.C.E. look forward eagerly to these major events and send their most expert Vespisti to participate. They are also avidly followed by sporting and general publications.

At least once a year, the Vespa clubs of each country sponsor tours of Europe for their membership. As the tour proceeds from country to country, local members of V.C.E. extend genial hospitality.

Annual rallies of Vespisti held in Europe's major cities have attracted as many as 30,000 participants. Many of the clubs present picturesque and carefully rehearsed

pageants. The folklore of each participating nation is colorfully displayed during the rallies. Hundreds of young men and women parade on Vespas, dressed in traditional costumes of their area. Full-throated troubadours "scoot" along singing provincial melodies. An Italian group tried to "dance" the *Tarantella* on Vespas a few years ago with hilarious results.

HUNDREDS of smaller functions are conducted each year by Vespa Clubs in respective countries. France and Italy, for example, have spawned groups of daredevil acrobats who perform their hair-raising antics on Vespas. And in Spain, there has emerged a new style comic art. A garishly costumed toreador "fights" the bull on a Vespa between acts of an orthodox bull-fight.

A few scattered clubs have been founded in the U.S. and Canada, but their activities are as yet perforce limited.

The list of projects and activities by Vespisti and uses for the Vespa grows longer and more fabulous each year.

A new type Vespa with three wheels and a carriage-like effect behind the saddle has been ordered by merchants of the Far East. They want it to replace the rickshaw.

In Dublin, a squad of city police has been mounted on Vespas. In Holland, more and more rural postmen are being furnished with

Vespas. In England, the Duke of Edinburgh ordered several Vespas for use on the grounds of Buckingham Palace. And in France, amazingly enough 75 mm cannon have been mounted on Vespas to accompany fast, mobile troops.

Despite the world fame which the Vespa has merited for him, Dr. Enrico Piaggio remains extremely reserved and self-effacing.

Very seldom does he appear in public and he almost never has his picture taken. Above all, it is his profound religious faith that guides and inspires him. An elderly worker at the Pontedera plant eloquently summed up the relationship between Dr. Piaggio and his 6,000 employees thusly: "We all love him. He has the soul of a truly great man and the heart of one of us."

### **ARE WE OPPOSED TO COMMUNISM?**

The question that must be in the mind of each thinking American is: "Are we really opposed to Communism as a NATION? If not, why not?"

IF we ARE opposed to Communism, why do we continue to fellowship in the godless United Nations Chambers with these Red devils?

IF we ARE opposed to Communism why do we send multiplied millions of dollars in foreign aid to Communist Yugoslavia? The same type of Communist atrocities committed in Soviet Russia were committed in Yugoslavia.

IF we ARE opposed to Communism, why do we spend taxpayers' dollars to pay extravagant salaries to Communist professors in American Universities? The Internal Security Committee of the U. S. Congress has identified 93 professors and teachers in our colleges who either admitted Communist Party membership or refused to talk.

IF we ARE opposed to Communism, why do we support churches affiliated with the World-National Council of Churches, an organization that has five (5) Communists from Iron Curtain Countries on its Executive Committee? The American churches represented in the Council of Churches have to foot the expenses of the Communists when they attend Council Meetings. A portion of every dollar contributed to a local church associated with a denomination that is a part of the National World Council of Churches, winds up in the pockets of these Communists and their cohorts.

IF we ARE opposed to Communism, why do we tolerate Supreme Court Judges who are openly friendly to Communists or Communist causes? In 1945, two members of the Supreme Court (Minton and Black) were guests of honor at a banquet sponsored by the Leftist organization, Southern Conference for human Welfare. Another of the Supreme Court, William Douglas, accepted a \$1,000 "award" from the CIO's "Sidney Hillman Foundation," which was presented to the Judge by Jacob Potofsky. Two other members of the Court (Frankfurter and Reed), appeared as character witnesses for the Communist spy, Alger Hiss, at his trial.

IF we ARE opposed to Communism, why don't we be consistent!

—BILLY JAMES HARGIS

# *Our March To CATASTROPHE*

LOSING A WORLD THRU HALF-HEARTEDNESS

by Harold Lord Varney

ARE WE losing the world through half-heartedness? The question strikes us with stabbing effect as we gaze upon the fearful shambles of the Suez collapse. The political stuffed shirts both in Washington and in Downing Street will deny it, but the free world stands today on the brink of an unimaginable disaster. It will come if we attempt a further retreat.

America has reached the end of its tether. Nine years of ignoble and demoralizing Cold War, punctuated by continuous and unnecessary retreat before Communist aggression, has left us with no more room for diplomatic maneuver. The next crisis threatens to be the last.

It is a humiliating thought that, with our terrific power, we have lost to Russia virtually every major objective of the Cold War. If we are still clinging precariously to a few outposts which the Communists have marked down for their own—Formosa, South Korea, Malaya—it is only because the

Communists have not mounted a major effort to possess them. The big goals—Czechoslovakia, China, Afghanistan, and now parts of the Middle East—have gone down like strawmen before the massive Communist advance. We have been outfought, outpropagandized and outmaneuvered since 1947 on every decisive front of the East-West struggle.

The bitter gall in the situation is that all this didn't have to happen. In every important duel with Communism in the Cold War period, the winning cards have been in our hands. We have failed to play them. We have handed easy victories to Russia in situations where free world firmness would have stopped her. We have shrunk from the hard facing of realities by comfortable lapses into self-deception, procrastination and smugness. We have made a fetish of peace without recognizing that what we were buying was not peace at all, but only temporary ransom.

President Eisenhower advanced

the conjecture, in 1955, that the Cold War might go on for another 40 years. In the light of the Egypt bumble, his words now sound wildly optimistic. Unless more wisdom emerges than we have yet seen in our nine-year struggle with Russia, we will be fortunate if the war continues cold for another 12 months.

To realize the magnitude of our reverses, it is only necessary to reconstruct in the mind the situation as it stood in 1947, when the Cold War was unleashed.

1947 saw us standing upon a pinnacle from which we could have dictated terms to the world. We still had a monopoly of the atom bomb and could have pulverized the cities and industries of any country, including Russia, which defied our will. We had the only powerful fleet on the high seas, challenged only by the growing power of Russian submarines. Through our ally, Chiang Kai-shek, all of China except rural and northern Manchuria and disconnected parts of provinces north of the Yellow River, was in friendly free world control. Indo-China was still French, despite Ho Chi Minh's guerillas. Indonesia was still in the hands of the friendly Dutch. India was just groping her way to independence and an insolent Nehru had not yet formed his "neutral bloc." The Arab world was as unitedly in the American corner as Latin America. Europe was so

desperate economically that it was ready to sign almost every American demand on the dotted line. Looking backward from this perspective, our pre-Cold War position seems impregnable.

**W**HY THEN have we slipped? What precipitated us on the dreadful toboggan ride to our present powerlessness? Where did we make our mistake?

The answer is to be found in the dark recesses of the American psychology, rather than in physical weakness. We have lost the Cold War because we seemed to lack some inner iron in our character, which our adversaries possessed. When opportunity to take world hegemony came to the American people, its leaders were too irresolute and confused to seize it. We chose to abdicate.

Playing a central role in this tragedy of our times has been the paralyzing Liberal philosophy which had gripped our national leadership almost continuously since 1947. This philosophy has operated to find lofty, moralistic reasons for decisions which were really only the product of lost nerve. It gave us a soothing sense of superiority by being, in Wilson's phrase, "too proud to fight." It cluttered up our minds with a jungle of internationalist and "One World" excuses for inaction, which the articulate Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce once described as "globalo-

ney." It gave us a complex on the United Nations which enabled us to unload upon this rickety organization the decisions which we were too timid to make in our own superlatively powerful American name. The poison of these Liberal philosophic excuses has curdled the American Cold War record. It has brought us to Suez.

THIS Liberal state of mind on the part of our American rulers made them prefer Mao Tse-tung to Chiang Kai-shek in 1947, when our staunch ally was in straits and when the implementing of the suppressed Wedemeyer report could have saved him.

It caused them to blackball Franco for six important years after VE day when he was willing to support us against Communism, and at the same time to arm the Communist Tito in Yugoslavia with guns and planes which he will someday use against us, from the Russian side. They only readmitted Franco to respectability when NATO realized that it desperately needed his airbases.

It caused them to exalt Marshall, deify Eisenhower but degrade MacArthur, when that great commander's vision threatened their small-souled objectives.

It caused them to let France go down the drain in Indo-China and the Dutch in Indonesia in the name of anti-colonialism, but to support Britain in Cyprus in one

of the darkest chapters of colonialism of our times, even at the expense of our free world allies, the Greeks.

It caused them, through Ambassadors Bowles and Cooper, to see exalted idealism in Nehru's India and to strengthen it with dollar infusions aggregating over one billion dollars, but to remain silent and acquiescent in his rape of Mohammedan Kashmir, even at the expense of our allies, the Pakistani.

It caused them to leave Free China and South Korea, with the only formidable anti-Communist armies in the Far East, out of SEATO, at the behest of the British, thus dooming SEATO to the role of a "paper tiger" against armed Asian Communism.

It caused them to toss away in Mutual Assistance \$55 billion of American money which could have been spent to strengthen our defenses to the point of impregnability if we had kept it at home. Our so-called allies took the money, but they continued to go their own way in foreign policy.

It caused them, in the recent heroic revolt of the Hungarians, to make a public announcement that the United States would not use force, thus giving the Kremlin a green light to wipe out the successful rebellion in blood and terror. The moral iniquity of America's Pontius Pilate attitude in the Hungarian crisis is accentuated by the fact

that through our semi-public Radio Free Europe sponsored by President Eisenhower himself, we had called upon the Hungarians to revolt.

There is probably no absurdity of foreign policy so fatuous that the Liberal state of mind cannot find lucid arguments formulated by the Lippmanns, the Schlesingers, the Stassens, the Finletters, the Javitses and the Arthur Larsons to justify and to pretty them up to the American people. The enemy whom we face had no Liberal brake upon its Cold War apparatus. We abhor Communism but we must recognize that at least it is single-minded in its exaltation of the Russian nation, and its objectives. A nation like America which has to carry with it, into its diplomatic battles, a crushing overload of Liberal delusions, is only often doomed to unsuccess before it starts.

How tragically this American Liberal Hamletism has defeated us in the greatest contests of the Cold War has only to be noted.

**I**N CHINA—our worst and most deadly defeat—the United States was presented with not one, but two opportunities to keep the 500,000,000 Chinese on the Free World side. It is rare that history gives mankind a second chance, but we were given one in China. Under Liberal guidance, we muffed them both. In 1947 or even as late as

1948, the speedy transfer to Chiang Kai-shek of as much materiel and armor as we have given to the Communist Tito would have enabled him to turn back the Communists before they reached the Yangtse River, and thus save two thirds of the Chinese terrain for the Free World. General Wedemeyer showed, in blueprint, how it could be done. Because our “liberal” policy-makers thought it was more important to please England than to save China, we withheld the aid and lost China.

Again, two years later, by the incredible mistake of the Communists in attacking South Korea, the followers of Mao Tse-tung were delivered into our hands. MacArthur, in his visit to Formosa on July 31, 1950, worked out the strategy. Chiang was to invade the mainland of China. Red Chinese defenses opposite Formosa were then so weak that he could easily have executed this maneuver and lighted the flames of rebellion throughout China. MacArthur, in the meantime, would have bombed the staging fields of the Red Chinese beyond the Yalu River and compelled a quick collapse of the Chinese “volunteers” in Korea. Had this strategy been employed there would have been no humiliating and bloody defeat of Americans on the Yalu front in November of that year, and three more years of American blood-letting in Korea would have been spared.

The Chinese Communist regime, then still unconsolidated in its authority, would have collapsed miserably, and all of China would have been regained for the Free World.

Why did we not adopt this obvious strategy? Our "liberal" leaders preferred to propitiate the British and the United Nations, who were united in their demand of "don't unleash Chiang Kai-shek" and "don't bomb beyond the Yalu River." The great MacArthur was recalled and humiliated in 1951 to please this goosefleshy coterie. An opportunity to turn the whole Asian situation against the Communists was tossed into the discard because American leadership lacked the clear-headedness and the fortitude to fight the unwanted war to an American finish. The opportunity in China will never come back again.

Once more, in Indo-China, American leadership faced destiny and failed. We will not retell the story of the shameful Dienbienphu run-out of the Americans. The story doesn't make pleasant reading. With the force to halt Ho Chi Minh and his Communists, and after the virtual pledge of aid by both Secretary Dulles and Vice President Nixon, we walked out on the French and surrendered another great Asian area to Communism. Only the unpredictable good luck that South Vietnam should produce a great national leader in

Ngo Dinh Diem saved the disaster from becoming catastrophic.

HOWEVER, the Egypt story is probably the most incredible in this series of Cold War blunders. For the current Suez situation, the responsibility of the Americans is primary.

Perhaps "liberals" read their own military manuals, but even a diplomatic novice would know that the insulation of the Arab world from Russian influence was the No. 1 duty of Western statesmanship. Unfortunately, Washington in late years has been the sounding board for the anti-colonialism uproar of the "have-not" nations. Reflecting this shortsighted sentiment, Dulles told the British in 1955 that they should withdraw their armed forces from the Suez strip. At the same time, he attempted to coddle President Nasser with his promise of \$200 million of American aid for the Aswan Dam.

Perhaps our intelligence failed us, but when Nasser embraced the Russians, we were caught flat-footed.

Unwelcome as the step might be, there was then only one choice for realistic American statesmanship, once Russia had stepped into the Egypt picture. The British must be put back on the Suez Canal. How to do it was the problem.

Instead of solving this problem, Mr. Dulles tried to sell our "allies"



the preposterous substitute of a "users' association." When this idea collapsed, Britain and France were faced by the awful choice of acting alone, or being dragged down to another abject surrender to Russia through State Department Laodiceanism. For one brief moment, Britain under Eden recaptured some of the lost imperial spirit which had fired a Kitchener, a 'Chinese' Gordon or a Clive in the past. It was only a flicker, and it was badly bungled. When the British and the French struck they made the ineffable mistake of tying up their fortunes with Israel—a nation which is always playing a lone and selfish hand. They thus compromised their position. But for three days, the British and the French had a military solution of the Egypt problem in their grasp. Then the State Department panicked again before Russian bluffing and commanded Eden to execute a cease-fire.

The result was the most fearful humiliation of the Free World at the hands of Communism since Korea. Nasser, who was probably within forty eight hours of complete ruin, was saved by the Dulles' gong for a career of greater power and pro-Russianism in the Middle East.

The same absurd excuse for retreat that Acheson had used in China and Korea—that we must submit, or "Russia will start a

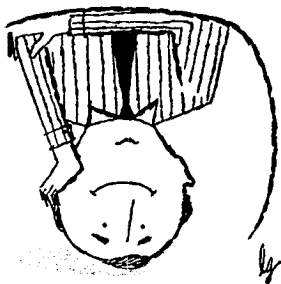
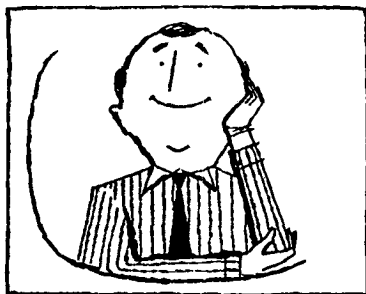
world war"—was unwrapped again by Dulles in Egypt. The United States saved Nasser, but in doing so it has probably destroyed Eden. The net result of our blow-hot-and-cold vacillations in Egypt seems to be the confirmation of the Russian foothold in the Middle East, and the virtual certainty of a defeat of British Conservatism at the hands of an appeasement-minded Labor Party at the next British election. Little wonder that Moscow laughs.

It is a ghastly record of sterility.

All this might have overtones of humor, if it were not so deadly to the future of the whole free world. Perversely, for nine years, the West has been defeating itself. It has been running away from its opportunities. It has been relinquishing its possible victories in a mood of continuous half-heartedness. It has blanched before the ultimate danger of having to fight for what it believes in.

And while the free world mind has been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," Russia has marched on from victory to victory. It is now almost within sight of its supreme goal.

Will America and its allies recover their heart in time to save the world from its final engulfment by Communism? That is the insistent question that faces us above the black nightmare of our Egypt debacle.



## TV Makes a Fool out of Dad

by Bill Gale

THE AMERICAN MAN is a big-hearted, bubble-headed buffoon—or at least that's the way the majority of TV's so-called "domestic comedy" series see him. And that's the way the poor chump—through sheer force of repetition week after week—is beginning to measure up for a lot of home viewers. This is particularly true of the short pants and dirndl set for whom video packs a realistic wallop never before even approached

by any other entertainment medium in man's memory.

Actually TV's situation comedies take aim and let go—custard-pie fashion—at men in general, suggesting that we're all little boys at heart and not very bright little boys at that. But it's the family man who is most often made the target of this low-brow, slapstick humor. The video writers are evidently convinced that nobody is any funnier than "good ole Dad" when he's attempting to play like he's a grown-up. And so Dad's reputation as a rational human being with a normal amount of common sense is constantly strapped to the TV picture tube and roasted on shows that boast low comedy with high Hooper ratings.

To suggest that this situation can seriously set Junior to actually picturing his father as an extension of the bungling oaf on the home screen, and chewing his fingernails at the thought that the family scow is being commanded by such a chump, would be ridiculous. In fact, this is just what the Dad you see on TV would probably do—even to sitting down and writing his Congressman all about it. But to imagine that America's junior-sized TV fans aren't affected by the knuckle-headed antics of TV Dads and don't, as a result, get some lopsided notions about their own fathers in particular and other adult males in general, is just as naive.

After all, the stock situations into which the TV Dad is usually dumped, while grossly exaggerated, nevertheless, do have their roots in situations that actually take place in most homes. So it isn't difficult for the kiddies to see definite similarities between the blustering and ineffectual oaf on the video screen and the head-of-the-house. What is generally an all-too-human frailty in real life can seem downright stupid when served up as TV entertainment and sampled by the grade-school mind.

According to experts in the field of child care, the true importance of Dad in the home is not to be underestimated without severe consequences. Dr. Irene M. Josselyn, for example, has often sounded off in print on the tendency in too many American homes to make Dad appear not as the "competent, intelligent man he is" but as a ridiculous caricature of a woman; the result of which "might be that the child would cease to have a father. He would merely have a real mother and a substitute mother." Scarcely a healthy situation when one considers that Dad, as viewed by B. D. Hendy, the eminent British psychiatrist, has "the power of representing the outside world to those within the home." Dad, he further states, should be *—must be—*a man in the world of men, seeing to it that his youngsters come to know "the meaning of freedom and adventure."

AND AS the importance of masculine influence is increasingly recognized, specialists are more than giving Dad his due as the family leader. Industrial plants are, in some cities, inviting families to watch Dad, the man, at his job, a practice that gives prestige to the children and recognition to the father. All in all, the American Dad is quite a man and the consensus of thoughtful opinion is that from him—and in varying degrees from other males in their lives—children need love, companionship, understanding, protection *and* an example of competence.

But consider what most of our TV scripts do to this picture of Dad's competence. Take, for instance, Dad as the voluntary handyman around the house. This is a particularly favorite situation for TV's scripters and has been "milked" for all its worth—and then some. Here Dad appears equipped with a do-it-yourself tool kit and he's hankering to try it out. There just happens to be a back door that squeaks so Dad rolls up his sleeves and gets to work. From this point on, Dad is devastatingly dismantled before the very eyes of home viewers as he makes one mistake after another until, finally, the door is completely off its hinges and Mother steps in . . . calls a carpenter . . . and Dad, still sputtering helplessly, goes off to his den in disgrace.

There are variations on this

theme of course, but that's the general direction it takes: Dad always starts off cocky and more than a little boastful, only to have his mind start skidding as the plot thickens, while Mother looks on, a living monument to woman's everlasting patience.

ANOTHER sure-fire laugh-getter is the spectacle Dad always makes of himself when the wife and the kiddies go off to the country during the summer. Here Dad is portrayed as a poor, bewildered chump so incompetent that he can't fry an egg. He's too inept to do housework short of sweeping dust under the carpet and, added to that, he drools at the sight of the first dame who undulates across his path. All in all, Dad is pictured as a helpless, hopeless, overgrown boy who, left to his own devices, couldn't possibly last the year out. How this same dullard manages to make enough money to support the inevitably attractive home—and the inevitable comedy-relief maid—nobody ever bothers to explain.

However, the TV scriptwriter doesn't really hit his stride until we are presented with the American male's reaction to the news that he's about to become a father. Here all the stops are pulled out and Dad's antics are so juvenile as to suggest imbecility.

"Take it easy—you must rest!" our man cries, leaning to his feet

and half carrying his wife to the nearest armchair, although the good woman does her level best to get across the point that the long-legged bird is simply circling their garden apartment and isn't scheduled to land for several more months. But if we consider this a grotesque burlesque of the American male animal, just wait until Sir Stork actually comes down for a three-point landing.

Now we see Dad, vest buttons popping, a cigar stuck in his face, a catcher's mitt in one hand and a baseball bat under his arm. "Look at the size of those hands . . . just look at those *fists!*" he exclaims, his nose pressed against the nursery window.

Through it all, the video Mom manages to remain calm if not downright charmed by all this buffoonery, although I wager that if her man actually behaved like such a knuckle-head in real life, she'd probably curl her lip and let loose a few pungent remarks.

Exactly how far removed from actuality these TV Dads really are can best be measured by the ever increasing numbers of expectant fathers who enroll for child care courses and who remain with their wives through the early stages of labor or sometimes go into the delivery room to witness the actual birth. Furthermore, the past few years we Americans have undergone a drastic change in our attitude toward teaching our children

the so-called facts of life. So imagine how goofy the TV Dad and his adolescent shenanigans must seem to the 10-year-old boy or girl who has been intelligently schooled in the matter of birth and therefore, accepts it as a natural and very beautiful adult experience.

Still another facet of Dad's old shoe-in-the-mouth personality is demonstrated on TV whenever our boy comes face-to-face with a feminine face that's younger and prettier than his spouse's.

One favorite method for demonstrating this is to have the TV Mom spring the news that an old school chum of hers is about to pay the family a visit. We learn early in the script that our visitor is unmarried and has a reputation for being on the brainy side, a combination of clues that has Dad assuming she's definitely a dried-up old maid. But, when he opens the door, who's standing there beaming across the threshold at him but a tall, cool beauty—and does Dad's jaw drop a foot! The visitor walks in oozing womanly charm and well-bred sex appeal, and out the window flies Dad's aplomb. He straightens his necktie so often he all but chokes himself. His voice cracks repeatedly and he all but breaks a leg rushing across the room to light the lady's cigarette. And on it goes, until Dad has made a complete fool of himself to the amusement of the lady and the slow burn of his wife.

That is one favorite way of demonstrating the coltishness of our TV Dad. Another is to have him pay a visit to Junior's school. It seems Junior got a D in arithmetic and inasmuch as Dad always helps the little shaver with his sums, he's naturally chagrined. Anyway, as Dad sees the situation, it's Junior's old-maid schoolteacher who's all wet and he's off like a firecracker to tell her so. Dad's hot under the collar and ready to explode, when, suddenly, he comes face-to-face with the old battleax who turns out to be a sunny, little ingénue complete with devastating dimples.

AFTER THIS initial shock our Dad finally manages to introduce himself between gulps and blushes, and then proceeds to give a fairly accurate imitation of a jackass. He eventually returns home to read the riot act to Junior, much to the kid's confusion.

It is true that motion pictures in years past also presented the American family man in pretty much the same dismal light. However, no single movie ever held the same impact for the small fry as a weekly video series viewed in their own homes. Here on the video screen we've got a bungler de luxe with whom the kiddies are so familiar that he has become a flesh-and-blood personality.

So, whether we approve or disapprove, the TV Dad who departs

himself so convulsively on the 21" screen week after week isn't to be underestimated. He's a very important fellow. Our only hope is that since TV is still wearing short pants itself, Dad might just possibly be allowed to grow up with it.

And happily, there are some facts to indicate that this might not be too far off.

Recent reports emanating from the major TV networks suggest that situation comedy is on the skids. Last year these homey little comedies were TV's most popular fare, but now its decline is so evident that one network in particular has already blue-penciled sixteen half-hour shows revolving around the "at home" adventures of the "typical" American family.

In fact, only recently, one of video's most respected producers had a few blistering remarks to make himself about the way in which

this medium is distorting its picture of the American man.

"Look at television drama for a week," he said, "and your whole concept of the American male will become distorted. It's like the declining days of Greece."

A SITUATION comedy writer however has probably, best pinpointed the problem, stating that "we've allowed our shows to become unbearably predictable, wild and sloppy. Fellas," he's reported to have gone on to say, "we've just about dug our own graves."

So, it's possible—just possible, mind you—that one day in the not-too-distant future, "good ole Dad" is going to be portrayed as a full-fledged human being on video. It will take some doing, I should imagine, but there's nothing like a sharp dip in a Hooper rating to make Dad stop acting like an All-American drip.

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Hal Moore, the silver-tongued racing announcer at Hollywood Park in Inglewood, California, is probably the only race track announcer in the country to ever spread a smile across nearly 45,000 faces of the wagering public during a pulse-tingling stretch duel.

During the calling of a race at the famous 'track of the lakes and flowers', a thoroughbred tagged "Tweedie Twom" was plugging along gamely in last place as the nine others thundered into the homestretch. As the veteran Moore nimbly rolled off the names and positions of the first six horses in a crystal-clear voice, a snow-balling chuckle suddenly rippled through the vast throng as he added after a slight pause, "AND TWEEDIE TWOM IS TWAILING."

—WAYNE CAPPS



# DISASTER

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# IN CHICAGO

**by Eddie Foy and Alvin F. Harlow**

**I**N 1903, I opened what was destined to be the most memorable engagement in my history at the new Iroquois Theater in Chicago on November 23.

The theater was one of the finest that had yet been built in this country—a palace of marble and plate glass, plush and mahogany and gilding and we drew big crowds all through Christmas week. On Wednesday afternoon, December 30, at the bargain-price matinee, the house was packed and many were standing. The house seated more than 1,600, and the managers declared afterward that they had sold about a hundred standing-room tickets, which would bring the total attendance to well over 1,700. The testimony of others seemed to indicate, however, that there were many more standees than the management admitted; in fact, it was widely be-

lieved that there were more than 2,000 people in the house that afternoon. And back of the curtains, counting the members of the company, stage hands and others there was fully 400 more.

The play went merrily through the first act. At the beginning of the second act a double octette—eight men and eight women—had a very pretty number called “In the Pale Moonlight.” The stage was flooded with bluish light while they sang and danced. It was then that the trouble began. In spite of some slight conflict of opinion, there can be no doubt that one of the big lights high up at one side of the stage blew a fuse. The company’s electricians knew that in order to obtain the desired lighting effects they were carrying much too heavy a load on their wires. At any rate, a bit of the gauzy drapery caught fire at the right of the stage, some

From the book: **CLOWNING THROUGH LIFE** by Eddie Foy & Alvin F. Harlow. Copyright 1928 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Renewal, 1956 by Alvin F. Harlow. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.



twelve or fifteen feet above the floor.

I was to come on in a few minutes for my turn with a comic elephant, and was in my dressing room making up. When I heard a commotion outside, my first thought was: "I wonder if they're having a fight down there again"—for there had been a row a few days before among the supers and stage hands. But the noise swelled in volume, and suddenly I became frightened. I jerked my door open, and instantly knew that something was deadly wrong. It could be nothing but fire!

WHEN THE BLAZE was first discovered, two stage hands tried to extinguish it. One of them strove to beat it out with a stick or a piece of canvas, but it was too far above his head. Then he got a fire extinguisher consisting of a small tin tube of powder and tried to throw the stuff on the flames. It was ridiculously inadequate. If there were any of those large fire extinguishers which throw liquid chemicals from a hose, nobody seemed to find them or to think of them. Meanwhile, in the audience, those far around on the opposite and especially those near the stage could see the blaze and the men fighting it, and they began to get frightened.

The flames spread through those tinder-like fabrics with terrible rapidity. If the drop first ignited

could have been instantly separated from the others, the calamity might have been averted; but that was impossible. Within a minute the flame was beyond possibility of control by anything but a fire hose. Probably not even a big fire extinguisher could have stopped it by then.

As I ran around the back of the rear drop, I could hear the murmur of excitement growing in the audience. Somebody had of course yelled "Fire!"—there is almost always a fool of that species in an audience; and there are always hundreds of people who go crazy the moment they hear the word. The lower borders on that side were all aflame, and the blaze was leaping up into the flies. On the stage those brave boys and girls, bless them, were still singing and doing their steps, though the girls' voices were beginning to falter a little.

All those women and children out in front haunted me—the hundreds of little ones who would be helpless, trodden under foot in a panic. I must do what I could to save them! I turned and ran out on the stage, right through the ranks of the octette, still tremblingly doing their part, though the scenery was blazing over them; but as I reached the footlights one of the girls fainted, and a man picked her up and carried her off.

The crowd was beginning to surge toward the doors and already

showing signs of a stampede. Those on the lower floor were not so badly frightened as those in the more dangerous balcony and gallery. Up there they were falling into panic.

I began shouting at the top of my voice, "Don't get excited. There's no danger. Take it easy!" And to Dillea, the orchestra leader, "Play, start an overture—anything! But play!" Some of the musicians were fleeing, but a few, and especially a fat little violinist, stuck nobly.

"Take your time, folks, no danger!" And sideways into the wings, "The asbestos curtain! For God's sake, doesn't anybody know how to lower the curtain? Go slow, people! You'll get out!"

I stood perfectly still, hoping my apparent calm would have an equally calming effect on the crowd. Those on the lower floor heard me and seemed somewhat reassured. But up above, and especially in the gallery, they had gone mad.

DOWN CAME the curtain slowly, two-thirds of the way—and stopped, one side higher than the other, caught on a wire. Then the strong draft coming through the back doors by which the company was fleeing belled the slack of it in a wide arc out into the auditorium, letting the draft and flame through at its sides.

"Lower it! Cut the wire!" I

yelled. "Don't be frightened, folks! Go slow! No danger! Play, Dillea!" Below me Dillea was still swinging his baton and that brave, fat little violinist was still fiddling alone and furiously; but no one could hear him now, for the roar of the flames was added to the roar of the mob. In the upper tiers they were in a mad, animal-like stampede—their screams, groans and snarls, the scuffle of thousands of feet and bodies grinding against bodies merging into a crescendo that was half-wail, half-roar—the most dreadful sound that ever assailed human ears.

Then came a cyclonic blast of fire from the stage out into the auditorium—probably a great mass of scenery suddenly ignited and fanned by a stronger gust—a flash and a roar as when a heap of loose powder is fired all at once. A huge billow of flames leaped out past me and over me and seemed to reach even to the balconies. Some of the audience later described it as an "explosion" or "a great ball of fire." A shower of blazing fragments set my wig smouldering. The fringe on the edge of the curtain just above my head was burning, and as I glanced up, the curtain itself was disintegrating.

By now the last of the musicians had fled. I could do nothing more, and might as well go too.

I fairly had to grope my way through flame and smoke to reach the Dearborn Street stage door,

which was still jammed with people getting out. The actors and stage employees nearly all escaped—saved by the failure of the asbestos curtain to come down. This let the bulk of flame roll into the auditorium and brought death to many in the audience.

The flying ballet went out as I did, rescued by the herosim of the elevator boy, who ran his car up through tips of flame into the flies where they stood awaiting their turn, and brought them down. But one of them was so badly burned that she died in a hospital a day or two later. Some of the people dressing under the stage broke down doors or escaped through coal chutes.

As I left the stage the last of the ropes holding up the drops burned through and with them the whole loft collapsed with a terrifying crash, bringing down tons of burning material.

With that, all the lights in the house went out and another great balloon of flame leaped out into the auditorium, licking even the ceiling and killing scores who had not yet succeeded in escaping from the gallery.

The horror in the auditorium was beyond all description. There were thirty exits, but few of them were marked by lights; some had heavy portieres over the doors, and some of the doors themselves were locked or fastened with levers which no one knew how to work.

IT WAS SAID that some of the exit doors leading from the upper tiers onto the fire escapes on the ally between Randolph and Lake streets were either rusted or frozen. They were finally burst open, but precious moments had been lost—moments which meant death for many behind those doors. The fire-escape ladders could not accommodate the crowd, and many fell or jumped to death on the pavement below. Some were not killed only because they landed on the cushion of bodies of those who had gone before.

When one balcony exit was opened, those who surged out on the platform found that they could not descend the steps because flames were leaping from the exit below them. Painters in a building across a narrow court threw a ladder over to the platform; a man started crawling over it, but one end slipped off the icy landing and he fell crushed on the stones below.

The painters then succeeded in bridging the gap with a plank, and just twelve people crossed the narrow footpath to safety. The twelfth was pursued by a tongue of flame which dashed against the wall of the opposite building—and no more escaped. The iron platform was crowded with women and children. Some died there; others crawled over the railing and fell to the pavement.

But it was inside the house that the greatest loss of life occurred,

especially on the stairways leading down from the second balcony. Here most of the dead were trampled or smothered, though many jumped or fell over the balustrade to the floor of the foyer. In places on the stairways, particularly where a turn caused a jam, bodies were piled seven or eight feet deep. Firemen and police confronted a sickening task in disentangling them. An occasional living person was found in the heaps, but most of these were terribly injured. The heel prints on the dead faces mute-ly testified to the cruel fact that human animals stricken by terror are as mad and ruthless as stampeding cattle. Many bodies had the clothes torn from them, and some had the flesh trodden from their bones.

Never elsewhere had a great fire disaster occurred so quickly. From the start of the fire until all in the audience either escaped, died, or lay maimed in the halls and alleys, took just eight minutes. In that eight minutes more than 500 perished.

THE FIRE department arrived quickly after the alarm and extinguished the flames in the auditorium so promptly that no more than the plush upholstery was burned off the seats. But when a fire chief thrust his head through a side exit and shouted, "Is anybody alive in here?" no one answered. The few who were not

dead were insensible or dying. Within ten minutes from the beginning of the fire, bodies were being laid in rows on the sidewalks, and all the ambulances and dead-wagons in the city could not keep up with the ghastly harvest. At least 587 were dead, and many more injured. Subsequent deaths among the injured brought the list up to 602.

The Iroquois Theater disaster brought a serious reaction in the theatrical profession. On the day after the fire every theater in Chicago was closed, and they remained closed for some time while city authorities investigated their safety. New York and other cities also began closing theaters suspected of being unsafe.

The Chicago horror was a blessing in one respect—it brought about a country-wide investigation and house-cleaning. Theaters in some cities were declared hopeless firetraps and permanently closed. Others were compelled to make costly repairs while stringent ordinances regarding exits were enforced.

Since that terrible afternoon of December 30, 1903, America's theaters have been safer than they ever had been before. There are still occasional hazards and violations of safety laws, but another disaster like the horrible one I witnessed in the ill-fated Iroquois Theater is at least improbable, if not entirely impossible.

*George Washington —*

*Ambassador to the Indians*



## The YOUNG WASHINGTON

*By William Waller Edwards*

ON A BLEAK November day in the year 1753 a tall, broad shouldered Virginia youth stood on the plateau between the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, gazing thoughtfully toward where their wooded shores united to give birth to the Ohio. He had been sent by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia—charter member of the Ohio Land Company—to go into the Ohio Valley and investigate what the French were doing there on British territory.

The governor's selection was a wise one: despite his twenty-two years, George Washington had shown sufficient military ability to be twice appointed Adjutant General of the Colony of Virginia; to his reputation for leadership and

integrity was added his knowledge of woodcraft, Indians and western geography, gained as a frontier surveyor.

Washington had carefully chosen his escort. Christopher Gist, his guide, was the best known hunter along the frontier. His French interpreter, Jacob Van Braam, had been his fencing master. His Indian interpreter, John Davidson, and four servitors were traders along the Ohio until driven out by the French.

Some days after Washington left Williamsburg, his party reached on horseback the lonely wilderness cabin of the trader John Frazier on the Monongahela, at the edge of the English settlements. Here he borrowed a canoe, loaded it with

the provision packs and taking several men sent it scudding down the impetuous current, like an autumn leaf, leaving the rest to ride overland and meet him at the mouth of the river. As a result of a rough route and bad weather twenty-five days elapsed before the hardy adventurers arrived at Logstown. They had been joined on the way by two Indian sachems, one a Delaware, the other a Mingo, whose tribes were under allegiance of the Iroquois, friends of the English.

At the French trading post, Logstown, on Beaver Creek (a tributary of the Ohio) Washington made bold to call an Indian council. The Mingo sachem volunteered the wampum and the runners, necessary to bring in the clan chieftains. From his hunting lodge on Beaver Creek came a Seneca sachem whom, because of his Iroquois domination, the French had derisively dubbed "The Half King." He seemed to be the ruling spirit among his people. In the bark "Long House" of the Indian village skirting Logstown, Half King presided at Washington's council.

Through the interpreter Davidson, Half King gave an account of his late visit to the recently erected Fort Le Boeuf, where, with a letter to the French Commandant, Washington's orders would ultimately take him. He was even willing to repeat, under Washington's persuasion, a speech

he had made: "If you French had come in a peaceful manner, like our brothers the English, we would not have been against your trading with us, but to come and take our land away from us and build houses upon it without our consent—that we can never submit to."

Studying closely the painted faces reflected in the glow of the fire, Washington spoke frankly of his mission which, he explained, was of the greatest importance to themselves as well as to their brothers the English.

Half King promised his loyal support. Drawing his hunting knife, he traced a map upon a piece of elm bark showing the exact location of Fort Le Boeuf and the wide wagon road by which it was approached. He pledged a guard of Mingoes for the journey. While waiting their return from the fall hunt, he wished to go to his cabin to bring the speech belt, given him by the French commandant, in order to return it, as he wished no more dealings with him.

DEEMING it impolitic to affront his Indian allies, Washington reluctantly consented to wait. In a few days Half King appeared at Washington's tent with the speech belt to report that a Frenchman, Joncaire, had called the sachems together at the Indian village of Venango, also a French headquarters, to say that the French would

descend the river in the spring with a great army. They intended to fight the English for three years, but if the English proved equally strong as themselves they would join forces, annihilate the Indians and divide their lands.

**H**ALF KING was in a quandary and wished to know whether Washington had spoken with a forked tongue. To this accusation, Washington parried honestly. "Pay no heed" he said "to what Joncaire tells you about the English. The paths of the French and the English are so different that they could never be friends." When the hunters assembled, the party set off for Venango. White Thunder was the "Keeper of the wampum belts" on which were recorded all the Iroquois towns on the Ohio. After five "sleeps" (as predicted by Half King) they arrived at Venango and Washington slept in the log cabin from which Frazier had been evicted.

They met Joncaire, the son of a French father and a Seneca mother. The supper that he tendered Washington and his entourage was a jovial one. The French hosts, loquacious after much wine, made no secret of their design to possess the Ohio, while Washington's abstinence left his mind clear to record their revelations. The Indians, in their exhilaration forgot all wrongs. The next morning, however, the repentant Half King came

to Washington with reassurances of his promises and was magnanimously forgiven. The Indians tarried no longer at Venango.

As the sun was setting one mid-December afternoon, a major in British uniform followed by a motley equestrian file in buckskins and feathers emerged from the snow-clad forest, forded French Creek and knocked at the barred gates of the island fortress of Le Boeuf. The reception Major Washington received was more formal than at Venango. His party was met with punctilious military courtesy and conducted at once into the presence of the Commandant, General Le Gardeur de Saint Pierre, an elderly gentleman of noble family, who had just arrived from France.

Washington presented his credentials. He was politely requested to hold Governor Dinwiddie's letter till the coming of the commandant of Presque Isle, the next post north on Lake Erie.

Early in the afternoon of the following day, this important personage appeared. The English governor's letter was taken. When it was translated, Washington and Van Braam were invited into a private room where, before the two commandants, they were asked to criticize the French version. As Van Braam's knowledge of the French language proved inadequate, it had to be accepted. During the two days following, Saint Pierre leisurely considered Din-

widdie's command to depart with his forces and trespass no longer on what was so well-known as British property. With the aid of his staff he prepared his answer, on which hung the fate of a continent.

Washington, meanwhile, was left free to acquaint himself with the surroundings. The fort, built upon an island, had the surrounding stream for a moat. The walls, twelve feet high, were built of chestnut logs to enclose a square, a cabin at each corner. The parapets were bristling with cannon.

There were barracks to house 100 and storehouses, bursting with supplies from Montreal, for a long siege. Lining the banks of the stream was a flotilla of 50 birch bark canoes and 200 dugouts, with forest trees felled for more. While Washington was noting these observations in his journal as convincing evidence that the French forts on the Lakes were linked in a chain to those on the Ohio and the Mississippi to prevent British settlements, the wily French commandant was using his utmost diplomacy to win over Half King and his confederates. But Washington, at this critical time, was on guard and showed his remarkable ability—so conspicuous later—to control men. Half King adamant to French liquor, tried every means to return the speech belts, to which De Pierre, however was no more receptive than Joncaire.

At length Saint Pierre put a

sealed envelope in Washington's hands addressed to Governor Dinwiddie and placed at his disposal two commodious canoes, one of them laden with provisions. The former had space for the entire party. Dipping their paddles in the tortuous current, they moved swiftly away from the sinister walls of Fort Le Boeuf. Their horses, which had been sent forward, awaited them at Venango, where they said farewell to their friends of the wilderness, and on Christmas day they turned their faces southward toward Williamsburg. The sullen skies had nothing to offer but snow and sleet, and the deepening snow drifts were a constant hazard to their fagged horses.

SOON, leaving the horses to Van Braam, Washington donned buckskins and with his long flintlock rifle slung over his shoulder and a full knapsack, containing his precious papers wrapped in oilskin, at his back, he and Gist set out afoot. His route was gauged by the sun and a pocket compass. By chance they happened on a band of Indians. Unsuspecting they were French, Washington engaged one as a guide. On entering an open clearing, the guide turned suddenly, leveled his gun at Washington and pulled the trigger. The powder flashed harmlessly in the pan. Gist would have killed the scoundrel on the spot but Washington intervened. They marched him off their



route and waited until he had disappeared in the distance before coming back to their evening camp. Hastily eating a frugal supper, they pushed on through the night.

Ahead was the wide Allegheny. They met it with blanched faces for it was full of floating ice. One tomahawk between them, it took a day to build a raft. Half way over, it became so jammed in an ice floe that it could not be moved. Washington, pushing hard at his pole, lost his footing and was hurled into the water to be saved only by the swift action of Gist.

The raft was washed on an island in midstream. The intense cold that night froze the river and next morning they made their way across the glassy surface to the farther shore.

Leaving Christopher Gist at his Monongahela cabin, Washington purchased a horse and, alone, crossed the Blue Ridge.

AT LAST the curling smoke of Williamsburg's chimneys beckoned to the weary ambassador to hasten his pace. Only one day remained before the Meeting of the Burgesses! A few brief hours to get

warm, have a full meal and write a report!

The report was delivered the next morning to a crowded House. It was ordered printed and was read breathlessly throughout the colonies and in England. For when the Governor broke the seal of Saint Pierre's letter, he read, in these nonchalant words, a declaration of war:

"I, Le Gardier de Saint Pierre, Commandant of Fort Le Boeuf shall transmit the letter of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia to my General the Marquis Du Quesne to whom it belongs better than to me to set forth the evidence and reality of the rights of the King, my Master, upon the lands situated along the river Ohio and to contest the pretensions of the King of Great Britain thereto.

His answer shall be law to me.

As to the summons you sent me to retire, I do not think myself bound to obey it.

Whatever may be your instructions, I am here by virtue of the orders of my General and I entreat you, sir, not to doubt for one moment that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the exactness and resolution that can be expected of the best officer."

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When Walter Pidgeon appeared for a local bond drive, he was greeted by the president of the drive, who was thrilled at meeting a movie star. The result of his excitement was:

"Mr. Privilege, this is indeed a pigeon."—From *Your Slip Is Showing*, by KERMIT SCHAFER, published by Grayson Publishing Corp.

# THE COMING REVOLT ON CAPITOL HILL

by  
David Shea Teeple

**I**N ABOUT 20 years, historians will point out that the resurgence of Congressional legislative authority in the United States commenced in the 86th Congress in the year 1957.

For the last 30 years the processes of our government have been dominated by the executive branch.

It has been fashionable to ascribe the excesses of the New Deal and Fair Deal as manifestations of the ignorance, incompetence or diabolic intent of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman. There are many people still alive who find this a satisfactory explanation. This theory allows them to conjure up a personal image to which they can attach strong emotions. Without offering any defense of Roosevelt or Truman—since many of their acts seem indeed indefensible—it must be fairly stated that they were

not completely responsible for the events for the last two decades.

In an area so broad as representative government, many people participate in each decision. Those who choose to select Roosevelt and Truman as the scapegoats overlook a very fundamental factor.

Any person with a grain of objectivity must admit that during the New Deal and Fair Deal the legislative branch of our government failed to discharge its duties. This default allowed the executive departments and independent agencies to usurp the constitutional authority vested in the Congress.

With rare exception both houses of Congress have been “rubber stamps” of the executive for the last 25 years. The legislators with few exceptions operated on a theory that they had been swept into office by the popularity of the execu-

tive. Accordingly they were afraid to oppose the President for fear of being defeated at the next election.

The indisputable fact is that the socialistic experiments of the Roosevelt-Truman era could not have been accomplished without vast sums of money. Federal bureaucracy could not have become the gigantic morass of today without Congressional authorization and appropriation.

The Congress voted the money. The Congress authorized the personnel ceilings in the executive departments. The Congress endorsed deficit financing and inflation. The Congress approved the United Nations, Foreign Aid, NATO, et al.

Even those who have a hatred of Roosevelt and Truman which borders on religious fanaticism must admit (if they are intellectually honest) that at any time during this debacle the Congress could have called a halt if it had exercised its constitutional prerogatives. *The record shows that the Congress did not.* The Congress must therefore accept a large share of the responsibility for past events. Legislators who knew better voted for the "party" instead of "their conscience." They fell for the myth that those who opposed the will of the executive would be repudiated by the people.

The ironic note is that there was evidence to indicate that this was not true. When an occasional Senator or Congressman opposed the

New Deal he was seldom discarded by his constituents. Usually he was returned by a greater majority.

The 86th Congress is going to be different. The myth of executive supremacy has finally been laid to rest. Furthermore, party labels don't mean a thing in these days.

IT WAS demonstrated in 1954 that the personal popularity of President Eisenhower had little if any effect in Congressional and Senatorial races. For the first time in our history a President lost the Congress in the first two years of his incumbency.

This lack of transference of popularity was confirmed in 1956. President Eisenhower can talk about "New Republicanism" but the fact is that his hand-picked candidates McKay, Langley and Thornton were all defeated. Senators Morton and Cooper of Kentucky were elected by Happy Chandler not by Eisenhower, while conservatives in the Republican Party coasted into victory. Bender and Duff, who received every blessing from the President, are now ex-Senators while in West Virginia Right-wing conservative Revercomb was returned to the Capital.

In the Congressional races it appears that those who tried to be "moderate liberal Republicans" met defeat while the out and out "New Dealers" and "Conserva-

tives" in both parties were returned.

The political lesson seems to be that any voter who wants a liberal would rather vote for a full fledged liberal than a half and half. The same applies to "Conservatives." Those who tried to stand on the fence got knocked off since as the saying goes "There ain't much room."

The politicians are generally several years behind the people but it now appears as though they are catching up fast.

The situation which now exists presents an anomaly. Here we have a President elected with an overwhelming majority of 9,000,000. Yet for the first time in 30 years, if the author of this article has any political perception, this same President is going to have a very difficult time with Legislature.

There are some very good reasons why!

In the first place though the political experts debate about the organization of the Congress, the fact is that *neither* party is going to run *either* House. The 86th Congress is going to be dominated by conservatives. Every important vote is going to split both parties and the American people will ultimately be the winners. The conservative Republicans will constantly ally with the conservative Democrats and their combined voices will be persuasive.

It is going to be a physical im-

possibility for the Congressional leaders of either party to secure support *for* or opposition *to* legislation just because it is an "administration bill." There are too many ex-Congressmen and ex-Senators who in 1954 and 1956 ran on the program "I like Ike" and "Ike likes me."

ANY administration spokesman who thinks he will be able to place Javits, Ives, Bush, Cooper, Langer, Case of New Jersey, Margaret Chase Smith and Wiley in a hat with Capehart, Jenner, Bridges, Bricker, Butler, Schoeppel, Knowland, Hickenlooper and Revercomb and make them all vote the same is crazy!

Conversely can you imagine the mess that will occur if the Democrats try to mix a stew composed of Humphrey, Morse, Newberger, Kefauver and Magnuson with Eastland, Holland, Smathers, Byrd, Ellender, Talmadge and Thurmond.

If the legislative liaison boys in the White House are not already having nightmares the time is not far off. Consider the 1958 Senate races. There are 24 Republican seats at stake. Many of them could be lost. There are only 11 Democrats up for re-election and all of them are in areas normally considered safe by that party.

A second factor which complicates and aggravates the situation is the status of the President him-

self. For the first time in our history we have a "lame duck" President. If the good Lord is willing and the President maintains his vigor and health, he still is finished in 1960 since by law he cannot serve another term.

This fact is not lost upon the Legislators. Whatever slight influence the President had on the legislative elections in 1954 and 1956 will be further diminished in 1960. The struggle to become the nominee in 1960 will begin on the day that Congress convenes. There is going to be one primary issue in the Congress in this session. *Americanism vs Internationalism*. Any program that the President advocates which impinges upon the sovereignty of the United States is going to be clobbered by the dominant conservative coalition. Any program which promotes fiscal solvency, national defense and forthright opposition to the expansion of Communism is going to receive legislative approval.

Of course, this analysis applies only to important issues. On routine matters both sides will try to do their "politicking" to maintain a façade of party unity. It will be as phony as a two headed nickel and all Washington observers know this to be the fact.

So now at long last we can safely say that the pendulum has swung. *Legislators no longer fear the executive*. They are again properly in fear of the right dragon—that of a ballot in the hands of a free electorate which has indicated that it wants to be represented by free men and not by administration puppets.

THE SITUATION is going to be interesting, it is going to be loud. Out of it will come a resurgence of legislative authority. Once again the people's business which has for too long a time been delegated to non-elected bureaucrats will be restored to the people.

There is a revolution brewing on Capitol Hill.

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### *New Defense Measure*

In Detroit mailmen are going to offer something in the way of a before dinner mint to Detroit dogdom in hopes of deterring the snipping fraternity from taking a chunk of leg.

James H. Rademacher, president of the Detroit Branch of the National Association of Letter Carriers, decided to act after hearing a report that more than 100 local carriers were nipped last year.

Dog candy was handed out to 200 mailmen. The idea is that, instead of running for the nearest tree, the carriers are supposed to reach into their pockets and offer sweets to the charging pooches.

—BERNADINE B. BUTWIN

# ARE YOU A



# GAMBLER?

By Robert L. Heilbroner

ARE YOU a gambler? Ask most people that question and you get the answer: "A gambler? Certainly not." Pause. "Of course, I do like to gamble now and then . . ."

You bet they like to gamble now and then, for it is possible that more money changes hands every year in the United States for gambling than for any other single purpose except the purchase of food. No one knows exactly how big the total gambling figure is. We only know that it is astronomical.

Take, for example, just one item—the slot machines. From the number of operators paying the federal slot machine tax, investigators estimate that they are good for one billion dollars a year. And that is what they keep; not how much silver goes in and comes out, but what goes in for good.

According to gambling analyst

Ernest E. Blanche, who also runs a statistics and data computing center in Silver Springs, Maryland, foreign sweepstakes tickets are another billion-dollar blotter. Office and factory pools are even bigger.

In 1955, race-goers wagered some \$2.5 billion at tracks in 24 states. Experts say off-track betting adds at least another \$5 billion. An estimated \$10 billion is wagered on prize fights, elections, golf tournaments, baseball, basketball and the like. Twenty to \$25 billion is probably a modest figure for the money that goes into organized gambling, say the statisticians who have tried to add up the half-hidden evidence. The profits from the "industry" are estimated to run to \$6 billion a year.

Now add the flyers on uranium stocks which go by the name of "investment," and the church and

school raffles and bingos that parade as philanthropy. And to that add the total risked in purely private gambling—the all-night poker session, the rubber of bridge at a twentieth and the flip of a coin to see who picks up the tab at lunch.

All together what do you have? Careful guesses place the figure at \$30 billion a year. That's about three times the total amount spent on medical care, nine times the amount spent on religious and welfare activities, 12 times the amount spent on private education.

But the dollar figures tend to be deceptive. After all, you can play all night at craps or Twenty-one and come away in the end plus or minus only a few dollars. So let's count noses. Statistician Blanche says there are at least eight million horse-race bettors. Nineteen million people are estimated to bet on the outcome of sporting contests or elections. Twenty-two millions play dice or cards for money. Twenty-six millions play bingo, or take part in office or factory pools, or buy lottery tickets or raffles. Add that up and allow for the people who fall into more than one category and you have something like 50 million gamblers—about one for every household in the nation. A Gallup poll of a few years ago put the figure even higher when it found that 57 percent of the population gambles at one time or another.

ARE WE gambling-mad people? You might think so—until you look at the prevalence of gambling in other lands and other times. Two thousand years before Christ the Hittites were betting on the ponies and the Egyptians were playing Atef, the ageless game of guessing how many fingers your opponent will hold out. The Greeks and the Romans gambled, the Renaissance nobleman and peasant gambled, the Elizabethan yeoman gambled. In Holland in the 17th century, the Dutch went berserk with a gambling mania for tulips and squandered fortunes on bulbs; in the 18th century the English went on a gambling rampage for speculative enterprises such as the Puckle's Machine Co., which was organized for the manufacture of square cannon balls; in the 19th century Monte Carlo became a name known round the world.

Today many countries put the gambling impulse to work for the state. Most Latin American nations help finance their governments with lotteries. Turkey uses them to finance welfare activities, to buy war planes, Sweden to finance cultural activities, France to help balance the budget. Norway, Russia, Holland, Belgium, Greece, Canada, Italy, Japan and Great Britain all have national lotteries of one kind or another.

Gambling is a big business in Britain with over 100,000 employes, and a volume of mail that account

for ten percent of the entire British domestic total. In 1955 British soccer pools alone amounted to \$190 million. Regulated by the government (which gets 30 percent of the money that comes in), gambling is a respectable enough profession to have tempted more than one young aristocrat from a career in the Guards or Whitehall.

Like the rest of mankind, Americans have always loved to gamble. Long before the Revolutionary War (which was partly financed by a lottery) we used lottery devices to build roads, churches, colleges, and even to match off eligible girls with bachelors. In the 1880's the Louisiana State Lottery had offices in every important city in the nation, as well as throughout Europe and South America; while in 1929—we had 1929. The most emphatic way an American can say “yes” is: “You bet!”

**W**HY do we gamble? A common answer is: to make money. But is that the real answer? If three millennia of gambling experience have demonstrated anything, it is that the only person who makes money consistently from gambling is the professional gambler—the man who offers you a chance to play. And the reason he wins is that he isn't gambling at all: he runs a business backed up by a law more powerful than any passed by any human legislature—the law of averages.

The professional, despite his shady reputation, doesn't have to cheat. He just has to wait. Thus if you have *normal* luck in roulette, and bet ten dollars on every spin of the wheel, you will be relieved of \$53 in the course of an hour. A similar run of normal luck playing the field at the craps table will cost you \$111 an hour. That's your minimum charge for the privilege of a place at the table.

But gambling establishments aren't always content with the law of averages, which, at roulette, only gives the house five percent of the money wagered. So they regularly help the law out a little. At the races, for example, where you make legal bets through parimutuel machines, the track and the state take 10 to 22 percent of your money before the horses leave the starting gate. If you bet from an off-the-track bookie, the chances are that he will cut down the winning odds by as much as 40 percent.

And this is only mildly larcenous, compared with other gambling games. The slot machines are regularly set to yield as little as 20 cents on the dollar. The numbers game, where your mathematical odds of winning are usually one in 999, only pays out from 40 to 60 percent of that ratio to a winner. Most of the Irish Sweeps tickets sold in this country have been estimated to be counterfeit.

Don't people know that the odds are against them? Some don't.



More of them don't *care*. It brings to mind the oldest and truest of gambling stories: the man who was advised against going to a gambling house because it was *crooked*. "I know," he said, "but it's the only one in town."

A COMMON rationalization with which the gambler seeks to overcome these comfortless facts of life is by "outwitting" the pros with the aid of a "system." In every café at Monte Carlo, or for that matter wherever roulette is played, you will find the system-addicts, going over the sequence of red and black, odd and even, or the numbers themselves to find therein the hidden key to winning. In 1947 two Chicago University math students tried out in Reno a system they had worked out, and turned \$120 into \$9,000. The professional gamblers, however, were unimpressed. "It was luck," said one. "The last big winner was here 12 years ago. He had a system too. He's washing dishes across the street."

At Monte Carlo on July 17, 1934, black came up 17 times in succession on table five. A one-dollar bet placed on black and left to grow would have pyramided into \$131,072 on the 17th spin, and would have cost you \$1 on the 18th. By the 13th black the last faint-hearted gambler had dropped out—with \$8,192.

Is there a system against games

of chance? The horse-players insist that there is—and yet it has been estimated that 99.9 percent of all racetrack betters lose steadily and inevitably. Despite spectacular winnings at Monte Carlo—an Englishman, Charles Wells in 1891 "broke" one table there until a fresh supply of money was sent down from the strong room—no one has ever broken the Casino bank. Nor has anyone ever broken the banks at Las Vegas or the gambling joints of the Caribbean.

The reason is simple. The law of averages doesn't mean that red and black alternate monotonously—anyone could win against that sort of pattern. It means that each roll is as unpredictable as the last—and therefore has the same table "cut" against you. The systems players lose like everybody else.

Then why do people go on gambling? "I knew the odds were against me, but once I started I couldn't stop," was the rueful explanation of a Navy veteran who gambled away his life savings of \$3,500 in one hectic week at Las Vegas. "It was the thrill of a lifetime."

"I thought today was the day," moaned a racetrack cashier who, rather than placing his usual careful \$2 bet, reached into the till and lost \$5,250 of the track's money.

"In five minutes I accumulated 400 gold pieces at roulette. I should have left at that moment, but a strange feeling came over me to

challenge Fate. It was the wish to give Fate a punch in the nose and show her my tongue." Thus speaks the main character in Dostoevski's chilling novel, *The Gambler*, and who could have been better qualified to write the words than Dostoevski himself, who pawned his wife's jewelry in a frenzied gambling mania that left him penniless?

WHAT LIES behind such strange behavior? What is this intense thrill, this belief in "the day," this desire to challenge Fate? "At their worst these are symptoms of illness," explains Dr. Edmund Bergler, a New York psychoanalyst who has researched into the obscure motives of the gambling personality. "Gamblers such as these are in the grip of forces of which they understand little or nothing."

"The highly emotional gambler is a victim of the childish belief in magical powers," Dr. Bergler elucidates. "Look at the craps player talking to his dice, the racetrack better 'riding' his horse. This is like the child who thinks he can tell *things* to obey his will."

Some such mechanism is at work, most researchers into the problem would admit. For gambling is laced with childish superstitions, hunches and magical beliefs. And its pleasure is the essentially childish one of getting something for nothing—why else should the three dollars won gambling be so

much more "exciting" than the three dollars earned by an hour's work?

But between the normal gambler and the neurotic one there is a gulf at least as wide as that which separates the occasional social drinker from the alcoholic.

Dr. Bergler lists these six symptoms as typical of the sick gambler:

1. He habitually takes chances, as contrasted with the time-to-time chance-taking of the normal man. "I don't know what it is, but I can't pass a bookie parlor or a slot machine without trying my luck," was the way one unfortunate described it.

2. Gambling is the focal point of his life, the constantly recurring plot of his day-dreams; it is not "fun" but a necessity. "I hope I don't lose today because I really need the money," is not a funny line to such a person; it is all too descriptive of his compulsion.

3. He never learns from experience. His talk is full of vain regrets and second guesses: "If only I'd played number 7 instead of switching to 12," "If only I'd followed that hunch Joe had on the third race." All he needs, he will tell you, is a little more working capital to tide him over his temporary losing streak.

4. He never stops when he has won. A patient of Bergler's who visited a French casino was introduced to the manager and told him he was a few thousand

francs ahead. "My dear sir," said the manager, "if you are wise you will leave town immediately. If you don't you will gamble until you have lost everything. We make money because the gambler can't stop when he loses, and especially when he wins."

5. The sick gambler eventually risks too large sums. In real life, as in novels, he is all too typically driven to debt, to defaulted loans, even to embezzlement.

6. He finds the thrill of gambling in the pleasurable-painful tension of waiting. Dr. Bergler claims that for neurotic gamblers, gambling is a guilt ridden kind of behaviour. In the experience of losing the gambler punishes himself and curiously enough experiences pleasure. Dr. F. C. Davis of the University of California studied the patrons of bookie parlors and noted "the profuse perspiration, muscle tremors, and twitching responses" with which the betters awaited the outcome of each race. "It's not the winning. It's that crazy moment when you don't know," said one gambler.

ALMOST everyone who has gambled knows something of that "crazy moment," and yet clearly the vast majority of us are *not* neurotic gamblers. Nor would it

make much sense to label the majority of mankind as neurotic. What is it that makes gamblers—normal gamblers—of us all?

To many observers, including the psychiatrists, the "normal" gambling impulse is part of the human drive for self-expression and freedom. By taking a chance, whether it be an adventure, a daring sport, or simply a bet, we assert our independence. If our wagering is an occasional fling, a brief, intense, but light-hearted challenge to the gods, no dire consequences need follow.

"Gambling throws out the harsh realities of a cause-and-effect society," wrote Dr. Edward Devereux, Jr., in a Harvard sociology thesis, or as James Carroll, a St. Louis bookmaker, put it to the Kefauver Committee, "It gives substance to people's dreams."

"My idea," says Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, the 82-year-old horse trainer, "is that betting a few dollars for devilment is all right. Betting on the horses to make money is downright foolishness. Devilment's all right."

Yes, devilment's all right—provided it doesn't become bedevilment. When the gambler in you says that all life is a gamble, remember that in life the long-term winners are not those who gamble wildly, but those who invest wisely.

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Nothing infuriates a woman more than her failure to receive an invitation to that party she doesn't want to attend.

# TREASURE HUNT

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by Murray T. Pringle

IT WAS THE CUSTOM, at one time, for the Chinese people to send their emperors gifts of live fish as tokens of esteem. Seldom did a day pass when the Imperial Palace at Peking did not receive scores of such gifts. These fish, each bearing a small gold identification tag attached by the sender, were placed in a small lake on the palace grounds.

This practice was observed for some five centuries before China became a republic in 1911, and over that long period of time the bottom of the small lake gradually became covered with the gold identification disks which eventually dropped off the fish.

Strangely enough, nothing was

ever done about retrieving this gold until 1924.

In that year some enterprising fellow cast a thoughtful eye into the depths of the ancient lake and came up with a shrewd idea. Contacting the proper authorities, he offered \$450,000 for "exclusive fishing rights" to the lake. The authorities thought him a little mad, but accepted his offer. It was one of the most profitable business deals ever made. For the "fisherman," that is.

Within three years the fisherman dredged up from the bottom of the centuries-old lake some \$25,000,000 worth of gift fish gold identification disks! Which only goes to prove the truth of that age-old adage: "Gold is where you find it!"



## MAILMAN ON SKIS

by Louise Cheney

**O**FTEN in the dead of a blizzard-gripped winter night, a strange and eerie sight appeared in the white desolation of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. A tiny ochre circle of light bounced like a displaced star frenziedly dancing amid the snowy peaks. No weird apparition or ghostly manifestation, the infinitesimal glow emanated from a lantern carried by a big Norwegian.

The big Norwegian was John A. Thompson, better known as Snowshoe Thompson, who for twenty winters, from 1856 to 1876, carried the mails over the high Sierra to the mining camps of Nevada and California. Seldom was he late and never did he allow the weather to deter him from starting on schedule. There was no regular path over

the vast trackless region, spectacular in its utter isolation but by observing trees and stones by day and using the stars by night, he arrived at his destination. It was his boast that he couldn't be lost and he never was. "I can find my way through the mountains any time," he would explain pointing to his forehead, "there is something up here that guides me."

John A. Thompson was born at Upper Tins, Prestijeld, Norway, April 30, 1827. When he was ten his parents moved to the United States and first lived in Illinois, then in Missouri. In 1841 the Thompsons moved to Iowa, remaining there until 1845 when they returned to Illinois. Three years after the great gold strike in California, John, then 24, decided to try his luck in the

Golconda of the Pacific. He made his way overland to old Hangtown (now Placerville), California, and there—at several “diggings”—searched for gold. No sensational strike resulted from his efforts. Soon he tired of mining and pushed on to Putah Creek in the Sacramento Valley where he set up as a rancher and also went in to the business of supplying the miners.

As he worked in the valley, nostalgia assailed him when he saw the sentinel peaks of pristine whiteness shining to the east. He remembered his native Norway with its vast snow-carpeted plateaus, sheer white-helmeted escarpments and slim firs. Also cached firmly in his memory were scenes of himself as a boy, skiing skillfully over the crusted surfaces of the landscape.

WHEN the gaunt fingers of winter clasped the mountain passes in an unrelenting icy grip late in 1855, the settlements in Nevada and California were completely shut off from communication. John Thompson read of the difficulties encountered in transporting the mails across the mountains and realized what an insurmountable barrier the snow presented. Not even a pack train could make it through in the winter. As his eyes roved to the high peaks an idea suddenly crystalized into determination. He would make a pair of skis to carry him over the passes.

He set about the task and, though it had been years since he'd seen a pair of skis, he remembered all the details of pattern and structure. When they were finished, being of green wood, the skis were heavy and cumbersome. They were ten feet long by four and one half inches wide, designed after the fashion of sled runners. Later, when Thompson weighed them in Hangtown, they tipped the gold scales at 25 pounds! A single leather thong, hooked over his boot toes, held them to his feet.

Once the skis were constructed, John hastened to give them a workout.

Thompson tried out his skis in secret and after several days practice handled himself so expertly that he ventured to appear in public. The inhabitants of Hangtown were amazed to see the big Norwegian, who might have served as a prototype for the Vikings of old, dash down the mountain slopes at incredible speed. With careless ease he dipped, zoomed and glided effortlessly over the snow, his balance pole held horizontally before him. Friends begged him to stop, fearing that he would come to serious if not fatal injury against a tree or jutting stone but the man only laughed and raced faster and jumped higher.

Now sure of himself on his skis, Snowshoe applied for the job of mountain mail carrier. He was immediately appointed. His maiden

trip, undertaken in January 1856, was from Hangtown to the Mormon Station, Utah Territory, a distance of 90 miles. With the heavy mail bags strapped to his back, he skimmed easily across the vast expanse of untouched snow which, in some places, was as deep as fifty feet.

To reach Mormon Station he had to cross mountain passes above 7,000 feet. Three days after his departure from Hangtown, settlers in Carson Valley saw a tiny moving dot in the loneliness of the white landscape toward the mountains. They watched it hurtle forward with incredible speed, fly across the snow and come to a sudden halt before the Mormon Station Post Office, huge puffs of snow exploding from the strange contraptions on his feet. As he unfastened his pack and delivered the first mail to be carried on foot over the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the winter months, a mighty cheer went up from the crowd. So, John A. Thompson became Snowshoe Thompson, the famed mailman of the Sierra, and a legend was born—the legend of a man, fearless and unconquerable, who defied and crumbled the snow barriers of those mountains.

AND THUS for twenty winters the tiny light so like a displaced star jogged wildly in various parts of the Sierra. Snowshoe's loads varied from sixty to as high as a hundred pounds. He never burdened

himself with a gun, overcoat or blanket. For food he carried small portions of jerked beef, or sausage and a few biscuits or crackers—his drinking water was melted snow. When in need of rest, he built a fire upon a tree stump and made a bed of fir boughs. There he slept, his feet to the fire, the mail bag pillowing his head.

With a full moon to light his way he often traveled all night. If a sudden blizzard formed an impenetrable curtain before him, he would make his way to the nearest boulder, swept clean by the fierce wind. There with his lighted lantern swinging from his neck by a leather thong, he would jog up and down to keep from freezing, until a gray winter dawn defined the way.

Many stories are still told of the huge Viking-like man's prowess and many amusing incidents resulted from his mountain mail run.

When cliffs or ledges jutted across his path he jumped them without hesitation. Once at Silver Mountain he ascended a hill, then plummeted down the steep slope, leaping again and again high in the air over a series of inclines, making six or seven jumps of at least sixty feet in height.

Even after the advent of the Pacific Railroad, Snowshoe remained a necessity as a postman between the mining camps for he was still the most dependable means of communication.

SNOWSHOE was an integral part of the history of the western frontier. It was in his pack that paper for such pioneer journals as the Territorial Enterprise came across the mountains, its timely arrival often enabling the publications to meet their deadlines. And it was Snowshoe who carried the assay that showed \$2,200 per ton from the region later to be known as Gold Hill, Nevada. He witnessed the discovery of the fabulous band of rich silver curling around Sun Mountain, saw it become a fountainhead which spouted a rushing, gargantuan flood of precious ore. He watched people from every direction and by every known conveyance of the times, sweep forward like a flash flood to converge on the Comstock Lode. He saw a small settlement in the sage brush, as if by magic, become the famous Virginia City, the desert metropolis of the nineteenth century. William Wright, compeer of Mark Twain and famous Territorial Enterprise editor, who wrote under the pen name of Dan De Quille, became a fast friend of the Sierra postman and later wrote his biography in the Overland Monthly. Although no part of the Comstock find came Snowshoe's way, there is a story to the effect that he did come upon riches in the mountains. It is said that often he brought back rocks, generously flaked with gold, from his mountain crossings. He once said that

the outcroppings of his mine were visible from his bedroom window in his home in Diamond Valley where he had moved soon after undertaking the mail route. He promised his wife that he would work his mine when his work as postman was done. After his death a thorough search of the vicinity near his home and around Horse-shoe Canyon and Hawkins Peak was made by friends and prospectors but no trace of the mine ever came to light. As Snowshoe was as honest as he was daring and as dependable as he was fearless, there was no doubt that there was a mine but it has never been found.

One of the most spectacular feats ever accredited to Snowshoe was the rescue of a traveler in the region. In 1857, while literally on a postman's holiday, he was skiing with two friends. At Lake Valley they found an unconscious man in a deserted cabin. Later they learned that he had been without heat and food for twelve days. Already his feet were severely frozen. Thompson left his friends to tend the sick man and set off at breath-taking speed for Carson Valley. He arrived on Christmas morning and sent a volunteer squad of five men to pick up the unconscious man. They made their way through a snow storm and finally reached the patient, loaded him on a sled and carried him across the Divide to Genoa. When a doctor examined the man, he announced that if the



patient were to survive both legs would have to be amputated. It was then discovered that there was no chloroform nearer than California! Snowshoe raced again on his skis, this time across the mountain passes for the anesthetic. In a week's time he made it to California and back to Genoa.

Snowshoe's job as mail carrier was never lucrative and, when he had no contract, he received no pay for two years. His friend Dan De Quille urged him to go to Washington to press his claim for pay. Thompson's trip to the Capitol was futile but exciting for the mail man and all who traveled with him. He boarded the Overland Limited at Reno and went as far as Wyoming when snow drifts halted the train. Snowshoe decided that idly sitting in a railway car was not for him and set out on foot through the drifts. The temperature hung at 30 below and a gale was whip-

ping the snow, but the mail man of the Sierras made it into Laramie, 35 miles away. There he found all railroad traffic tied up due to the weather and set out on foot again. In two days he reached Cheyenne, 55 miles distant, where he caught an east-bound train. Of this feat the Associated Press said that he was the first man to beat the "Iron Horse" on so long a stretch in ordinary shoes.

THE FAMOUS mailman died at the age of 49. He is buried in a little cemetery in Genoa, Nevada. And on the slope of a high mountain in the Sierra that he loved, stands a living monument to Snowshoe, a Giant Juniper tree, called the Snowshoe Thompson Tree, in honor of the man, who, out of a desire to serve his fellow man, traced his name across the face of the western frontier, with a pair of home-made skis.

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### *A Long Journey*

While visiting New Zealand on a lecture tour, in the late nineties, Mark Twain found that the trains were exceedingly slow. One day he was caught on a train that seemed unusually deliberate and creeping—even for New Zealand. When the conductor finally came around, Mark promptly handed him half a ticket which was customarily used for juvenile passengers. The official looked hard at the white-haired, bushy-moustached humorist and demanded, somewhat sarcastically, "Are you a child?"

"No, not any more," returned Mark nonchalantly, "but I was *when I got on your darn train!*"

—CYRIL CLEMENS

# No Compromise with Communism

BY J. ADDINGTON WAGNER

SINCE the beginning of time man has desired and struggled to obtain greater opportunities for himself and his children. This desire grew from the knowledge gained through suffering the outrages of despotism. It grew from a belief in things that were good in themselves, because God had provided man with a faith to feel that which he could not touch and to accept that which he could not understand.

It was this faith that powered America's first crusade for freedom. Against the might of the greatest state on earth, a handful of men pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. The odds against them were ridiculously high. The Colonial cobbler at Concord in 1776 had no more right or reason to anticipate independence and freedom than has the peasant in Soviet Russia today. But the cobbler followed men who dared the impossible, and their faith carried them—and him—through.

These men expressed their faith in their independence when they said: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men." And in Articles IX and X of the Bill of Rights, we find an 'alerting' reminder:

(IX) "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

(X) "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

We, the people, have reserved unto ourselves the greatest right of all—the freedom to preserve or destroy our way of life and our great American traditions.

**I**N VERY recent days we have heard those in the Communist Party of the United States say that, although they are Communists, they are loyal Americans.

*There can be no such person as a loyal American Communist.* Communist leaders, old and new, traditionally have followed the policy of treacherously endeavoring to don the cloak of respectability.

In pretending to rule out force and violence, the Communist Party, U.S.A., may be fishing for new allies among groups which previously have battled Communism. They recognize that our Internal Security program is hurting, and their membership is declining. Socialists and other non-Communist radicals who believe in revolution by orderly and peaceful means would look more kindly upon a Communist-doctrine purged of the force and violence feature.

The key word in the Communist dictionary continues to be "co-existence." It is a tempting, beguiling

word; but it means non-resistance to Communist aggression. It means that we help to bring about universal denial of human dignity and civil rights.

*The Communist mind has so defined its world that it shares neither truth, nor logic, nor morality with the rest of mankind. If, in ruling out certain courses of action for Communist party activity in the United States, we attribute to them reasons like our own, we are making a fatal error.*

Let us not yield, now or ever, to those soft voices that counsel compromise with evil. Let us pay no heed to those who caution us against too much patriotism. Let us be certain that we freely exercise the right of choice and that not because of any failing of our hearts and hands shall our lives and the lives of our children, our liberty and happiness and theirs be destroyed. Let us be worthy of our forefathers and of the opportunities they established for us.

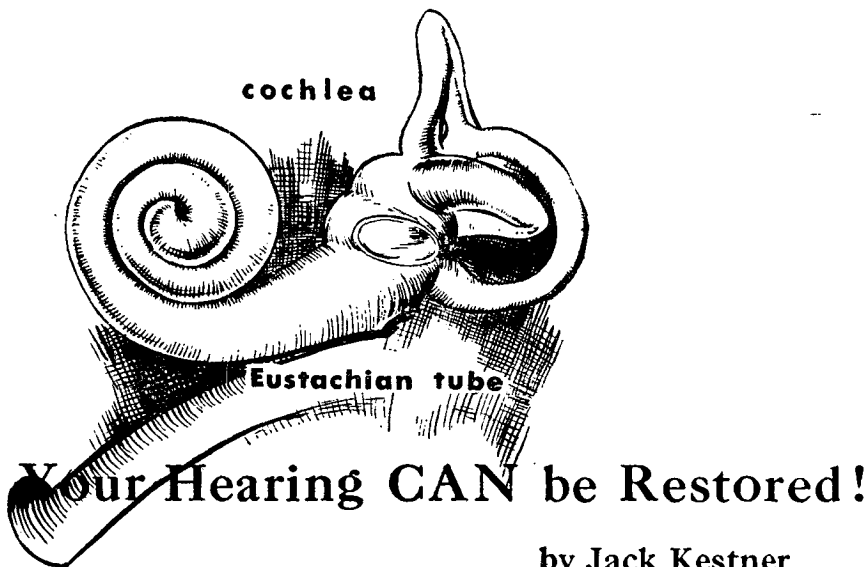
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### Team Work

A bachelor was left in charge of his infant niece and was faced with a crisis. He called one of his friends who was a parent and asked to talk the situation over, man-to-man.

"First place the diaper in position of a baseball diamond with you at bat. Fold second base over home plate. Place the baby on the pitcher's mound—then pin first and third to home plate."

—GENE YASENAK



## Your Hearing CAN be Restored!

by Jack Kestner

**G**WEN was 18 months old before her parents realized that she was deaf. She was asleep one evening in her Oceanside, Long Island, home when the telephone, located only a few feet from her head, began ringing loudly. Gwen's mother quickly picked up the instrument and talked in muted tones—while the father stared thoughtfully at his child. She hadn't reacted in the slightest to the ringing bell.

A few days later a specialist confirmed the father's growing suspicion. Using an intricate device which measures perspiratory response to controlled sounds of various pitch, he found that Gwen's hearing ability was so slight that she might as well have been stone deaf. This meant that the distraught parents had a deaf mute to rear.

On the advice of several specialists, all of whom classified her case as hopeless, Gwen was enrolled at the age of three in the Lutheran School for the Deaf at Mill Neck, L. I. There she began studying lip reading and gradually built up a small vocabulary—although she still described things mainly with her hands.

Last February, a neighboring teacher told the parents about a little boy in her class whose deafness had been "miraculously" restored. He had been treated, she said, by a New York City specialist by the name of Curtis H. Muncie.

A talk with the boy's parents quickly confirmed the teacher's statement. Hardly daring to hope after so many years of resignation,

Gwen's parents took her to Dr. Muncie's office for a consultation. Following exhaustive hearing tests and a thorough physical exam, the otologist made his diagnosis and prognosis: Gwen was suffering from a congenital deformity of the Eustachian tube. She had roughly 17 percent hearing left in one ear, 25 percent in the other. While it was doubtful that her hearing could ever be fully restored, he felt that he could bring about a marked improvement.

Gwen was placed on an operating table and given a light anaesthetic (nitrous oxide and oxygen). Standing behind her, Dr. Muncie gently opened the little girl's mouth and inserted his index finger beyond and above the soft palate until it reached the orifice of the left Eustachian tube. Using no instrument other than this finger, he quickly broke down adhesions and moulded the collapsed tube into its normal shape. He repeated the process in the right tube.

Five minutes later Gwen was sitting, wide awake, on the edge of the table. After a brief rest, a second hearing test was run. Tears of joy streamed down the faces of her parents when their daughter waved her hands excitedly at sounds she had never heard before.

**L**AST OCTOBER, I met Gwen—a lively, grinning, eight-year-old—and her father in Dr. Muncie's suite of offices at 515 Park Avenue.

"How do I feel about Dr. Muncie's technique?" the father replied in answer to my question, "Well, how would you feel if your daughter's hearing had been doubled and was still increasing? My wife thinks he's God Himself. Why, when she sees a total stranger wearing a hearing aid she rushes up to him and asks if he's heard about Dr. Muncie!"

Who is this man Muncie, and where did he learn his new technique? Amazingly enough, the technique is *not* new! It was discovered in 1910. And despite the fact that deaf persons throughout the world are being told that their cases are hopeless, Dr. Muncie has been relieving or fully restoring these for the past 46 years.

He came by the healing arts naturally. His grandfather was an MD as were both his father and mother, Drs. Edward Henry Muncie and Elizabeth Hamilton Muncie. His mother was one of the nation's first woman surgeons, a daring career at the turn of the century. They owned a 52-bed sanatorium at the corner of Macon Street and Marcy Avenue in Brooklyn, and a 50-bed sanatorium at Muncie Island, opposite Babylon, Long Island.

Early in life, the boy Curtis decided to follow in the family footsteps. After he received a license to practice medicine and surgery by passing the New York State Board Examination, Dr. Muncie joined the staff of the Brooklyn Sana-

torium and subsequently became head of its Ear, Nose, and Throat Department.

It was there quite by accident that a discovery was made which has affected—quite literally—the lives of thousands.

The year was 1910. A boy of 11 was referred to him for a simple adenoid operation. Although he had been deaf since an earlier attack of scarlet fever, (a deafness which the efforts of numerous otologists had failed to improve) this condition was not considered when the operation was performed. But let Dr. Muncie tell it:

“After removing his adenoids by the usual method, I examined the nasopharynx with my finger and found lateral adenoids remaining. These had grown about the orifices of the Eustachian tubes. I broke them down digitally, and while doing so, my finger slipped into a depression. With slight pressure it entered to the extent of three-eighths of an inch. At the time I did not recognize it as the Eustachian tube, for all anatomies described the tube as the size of a goose quill, and thus far too small for the entrance of a finger.”

WHEN THE LAD came out of the anaesthetic, a transformation had taken place. He could hear! Dr. Muncie was still puzzling over this “miracle” when, some two weeks later, the boy’s mother brought him back to the sanato-

rium with the request that he “do what you did before.” The hearing had slipped.

Reluctantly, for he was treading on unknown ground, Dr. Muncie performed the same digital exploration again. And again the boy’s hearing was restored—this time permanently.

Dr. Muncie jumped for his textbooks. But there it was in black and white: the Eustachian tube, first discovered by the Italian physician Bartolommeo Eustachio in the 16th Century, simply wasn’t supposed to be that large. Wanting confirmation, Dr. Muncie dissected several cadavers. Signor Eustachio had been correct. The tube was the size of a goose quill.

Then came the inspiration: could the tube be larger and more elastic in life than in death? Well, there was one way to find out—explore the tubes of anaesthetized patients who came to the sanatorium for other operations.

Dr. Muncie did. He found that the cartilaginous first inch of the tube *was* large enough to permit the entrance of a finger. The discovery marked the beginning of the most intensive period of study in the life of the young doctor. During the years 1910-1916, he examined digitally the tubes of over 500 patients who had normal hearing, plus many hundreds of others who were deaf.

News of the boy’s unusual recovery had brought scores of deaf

persons to the clinic. Patiently and persistently, he compared the feel of normal tubes with those of the deaf. His exploring fingers developed a sensitivity that in time could distinguish between edema and inflammation, atrophy and hypertrophy, fibrous tissue and hyperplasia—and diagnose the slightest tubal deformity.

Cases of nerve deafness, which 40 years later are still being lumped under one heading by most specialists, were separated into three distinct categories: toxic deafness, auditory neuritis, and nerve degeneration. Only the last one incurable, he found.

By 1921 he was ready. He had correlated his findings of the previous 10 years and had come up with two basic conclusions: one, the Eustachian tube is markedly different in size, contour and tone in a deaf persons than in a person with normal hearing; two, there is a type of tubal deformity characteristic of each type of deafness. He had isolated eight distinct types of deformity, each of which resulted in deafness. Equally important, he had developed a specific technique for the correction of each.

TO A CONGRESS of the American Osteopathic Association in Cleveland he delivered a paper on the restoration of hearing in cases of deaf mutism and deafness of childhood. Newspapers picked up the story. The Associated Press

scattered it across the continent. When he returned to New York, a reporter from the *Brooklyn Eagle* met him and asked for further details. His office telephone rang continually. The deaf of a nation were asking if the story was true.

Dr. Muncie went into his study and locked the door and sat down to think. Unlike his parents and grandfather, he had decided to become an osteopathic physician and surgeon instead of an MD, and already he had experienced the prejudice against osteopathy. If he stuck his neck out by claiming that he, a member of that group, had discovered a new method of combating deafness, there was little doubt about the reaction in the medical world. *He* knew he was right, for he had the evidence, but how to convince a more or less hostile group of physicians?

Well, why not convince them in their own back yard? Why not take cases that they had given up as hopeless? Surely, if he could effect cures in these lost souls, the MDs would be forced to admit that he did indeed have a new approach to deafness.

Thus began a series of clinics that stretched across the United States, Canada, Scotland, England, France, Cuba and Hawaii. Wherever he went (under the auspices of the American Osteopathic Association or else by special invitation from other scientific groups) Dr. Muncie sought out the deaf—and

restored their hearing before physicians of all schools.

He specified only three requirements for a person to be treated: one, that his case had been given up as hopeless by other doctors; that the operation alone would be sufficient to restore a marked degree of hearing (examinations sometimes indicated weeks or months of post-operative treatments); and, three, that it was a case classified by textbooks of the day as "incurable"—i.e., otosclerosis, catarrhal deafness with thickened drums, patients with destroyed drums, and even those suffering from Meniere's Disease and nerve deafness.

While restoration of hearing in such cases was dramatic to say the least, it was not calculated to please physicians who had given up such cases as lost. But those who criticized did so because of the failure to investigate the clinical proof that was their's for the asking. It was enough that this slender young doctor from Brooklyn was doing something which the textbooks said simply couldn't be done.

Newspaper reporters along the doctor's itinerary attended the clinics anticipating an expose. Skeptics by nature, they were prepared to take the doctor apart. Instead, they found themselves invited to make their own tests, investigate the backgrounds of patients who had been selected for operations, and draw their own conclusions. Without ex-

ception, they "came as Saul but left as Paul."

UNFORTUNATELY, the sheer drama that met their eyes in the operating room was so impressive that the copy they turned in was often emotional in tone. As Dr. Muncie wrote later, "Some reports were sensational and undesirable, but all were fundamentally the truth."

Perhaps the vehemence of medical criticism of that date can be accounted for in large part by the completeness with which the theory destroyed commonly accepted methods of treatments. One of the oldest methods is inflation. It is based on the theory that the tube's function is to maintain a balance of air between the outer and middle ear.

And so it does. But Dr. Muncie has proved clinically that, in addition to this function, there is an intimate relationship between a healthy construction of the tube and the delicate balance of fluidic (perilymph) pressure in the labyrinth (inner ear). An air pressure balance isn't enough—the tube itself must maintain health and shape and function in order that other primary hearing mechanisms can function properly.

In inflation, air is usually forced through the Eustachian Tube by means of a rubber tube and bulb. No attempt is made to expand to normal the Eustachian's walls. This



would be an impossibility, as only a comparatively small force is needed to rupture the delicate membrane of the ear drum, against which the compressed air exerts the same force as against the thick wall of the tube.

Despite the fact that inflation has met with temporary success only where deafness is due to an air pressure imbalance, it is still one of the most widely employed techniques today. In fact, it was used on the writer only three years ago—without benefit.

However, the air pressure theory of deafness and inflation are incorrect says Dr. Muncie. He demonstrated this by accepting cases where both ossicles and drums were entirely absent, and has boosted the hearing of such patients to a point above the conversational level.

To wrap it up in technical jargon, reconstruction of the tubes relieves a drag on, or irritation of, the *otic ganglion* (nerve) thereby re-establishing what is known as a vasomotor equilibrium within the inner ear (normal fluid pressure and blood supply). This accounts for restoration of hearing in cases of otosclerosis, nerve deafness, destroyed drums, and fenestration failures.

For example, after he had restored the hearing of a child who had gone deaf following a mastoid operation, Dr. Muncie received a letter from the father—who, inci-

dentally, was a nationally known MD. It read in part:

"From the medical point of view, this case contradicts the accepted theories of the cause of deafness and the inflation theory of treatment; also, the theory that any trouble in the Eustachian tube affects only the middle ear. My child had no drumhead or ossicles in the right ear so that air pressure played no part, but the correcting of the deformity that Dr. Muncie found in the Eustachian tube must have had an effect upon the labyrinth."

ONE OF THE most common operations for deafness today is fenestration. It consists of boring a hole or "window" in the labyrinth on the theory that the window which nature has provided (the *fenestra ovalis*, into which the stapes fits) has become closed through ossification. Theoretically, fenestration creates a detour through which sound can enter.

Dr. Muncie reports the first 1,000 cases of Otosclerosis successfully treated by this method ("Reconstructing the Eustachian tube in Otosclerosis," *A.O.A. Journal*, April 1924) and 24 years later reports the first cases in history restored to hearing after fenestration had failed ("Otosclerosis" *Ost. Physician*, Sept. 1948).

From a study of these results he concludes that the increased hearing which sometimes follows fenestration

tration surgery comes not from a new "sound entrance," but from reduced fluidic pressure. As soon as the new window is bored, perilymph fluid escapes, thus reducing pressure inside the labyrinth. As long as the fluid continues to escape, the improved hearing remains. But when the new window closes, as it often does with the growth of new bone, the pressure returns—along with the deafness, whose cause has not been eliminated. It's like boring another drain hole in your sink to keep it from overflowing instead of shutting off a faucet.

Otosclerosis only (deafness where fluidic pressure is the chief contributing factor) yields even a temporary benefit from the fenestration operation. Short of labyrinthine surgery, there is no method of determining whether or not the normal window is closed. Worse still, the surgical trauma that accompanies fenestration frequently results in labyrinthitis, vertigo and increased tinnitus (ringing in the ears).

MANY other types of treatment are in current practice—diets, diathermy, X-rays, drugs, vitamins, teeth extractions, adenoid and tonsil operations, "electrical ionization." The fact that the hearing aid business continues to boom, and that an estimated 16 million Americans suffer from some degree of deafness indicates failure of the

regular method to restore hearing, hence the demand for amplification of sound.

Even the "ear men" are pessimistic. "Most forms of deafness are incurable as far as present medical knowledge goes," wrote Wendell C. Phillips, MD, (founder of the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, and Past President of the American Medical Association) in the New York *Herald Tribune* 30 years ago. Most aurists still agree. But many of Dr. Muncie's patients don't.

They didn't agree when I sent them queries while gathering data for this article. Take the case of Mrs. John S. K., of Indianapolis.

"I began to notice poor hearing in my late 30's, she wrote. "When I was 48 I heard of two friends of mine in Boston who were both cured by Dr. Muncie after being treated by fine Boston M.D.'s and pronounced incurable. I, too, had been examined by doctors in Indianapolis to no avail. No one found the reason for my deafness until Dr. Muncie discovered I had a bad catarrhal deafness caused by my nose having been broken as a child.

"Before the operation my hearing was 48 percent in one ear, 52 percent in the other. Two hours after the operation, both ears tested around 90 percent, and are still in the high 80's. That was 20 years ago. No one could ask for more."

TO RECORD the grateful testimony of even a small part of his patients would require a thickish book. It's only possible here to pass lightly over such cases as Elli K., of Greenwich, Conn., who for Otosclerosis deafness had some 16 years of treatments by specialists, including a fenestration, without success. Then Dr. Muncie raised her hearing from 53 and 61 percent to 77 and 88 percent.

Or a former pastor of the largest church in the Midwest, Dr. S. Franklin L., who was treated unsuccessfully by specialists in both Canada and the U.S. before recovering his hearing through Dr. Muncie. He wrote: "I am not a critic of the medical profession, but my heart is saddened that otologists tinker so long with patients to no avail when a tried and proved method is so productive of results."

Or John B., a Bronx brickmason, who suffered from the dizziness and nausea of Meniere's Disease to the extent that it was impossible for him to leave his house alone. Today, at the age of 72, he's working on a 32-story building and hearing normally.

Or Myron C. P., a Hawthorne, N. J. office worker who was examined by several specialists and told that his Meniere's Disease was incurable. In Mr. P.'s words: "... when I went to Dr. Muncie I could not work, drive my car, or look at television, and could not walk across the room. Dr. Muncie

told me he could fix me up O.K. and he has done just that. He has made a new person of me."

Or John A. W., Holland, Michigan. He had Otosclerosis deafness for 25 years, diagnosed by several doctors of Holland and Grand Rapids, who claimed nothing could be done, so in 1945 he purchased a hearing aid. Now he says, "I haven't had my hearing aid on since I started with the treatment by Dr. Muncie—can even hear the birds sing." Five months of treatment restored the hearing in both ears to approximately 83%.

Or Mr. and Mrs. Russell S. of Battle Creek, Michigan, whose prayers of 14 years were answered. Because of its poignancy, this story is worthy of more than mere mention. Mrs. S. wrote:

"Linda had a 'strep' infection when she was 13 months old. We could tell immediately her hearing was gone. We took her to the University Hospital at Ann Arbor and they told us she was a congenital mute, which of course we knew was not true.

"We took her back to Ann Arbor about a year later . . . the doctor told us again it was a nerve deafness and the only thing we could ever do for her was to send her to deaf schools so she could get an education and be as near normal as an education could make her.

"So when Linda was 4½ she went to Detroit to school for five years and she has been going to

Flint for five years. We took her to several local doctors before she went to school and all they ever told us was that she had a nerve deafness and that there was no treatment or surgery that they could use that would help nerve deafness.

"Then by chance we heard of Dr. Muncie and, because he had something different than any other doctor we had ever heard of, we took Linda to him. After the examination, he told us he felt she had one chance in ten that she could hear with an aid after an operation. We had it done and her hearing jumped from 25 to 40 percent immediately.

"We stood in back of her so she could not see our lips and, as three of us called 'Linda' to her, she turned and said 'Linda!' I knew she would expect me to say 'Linda,' too, so I said 'Father,' and she turned to me and said 'Father!'"

ONLY A PARENT who has had the same experience can have any idea of the thrill . . . after 14 years of deafness, having their child hear them and be able to answer.

Almost any otologist, be he MD or DO, can dive into his files and come up with cases that appear on the surface to be outstanding "cures." As a Scot specialist once told me, "I've had patients whose hearing has shot up 60 percent after a simple inflation. To them, I perform miracles. Yet, the very next

patient who walks into my office may leave saddened and disgusted because I am unable to help him one bit." Among the deaf, he said, there are those who are "inclined to a cure," who show results from the most common treatment.

To base the effectiveness of the Muncie technique on the successful treatment of such a class would be absurd. Of the scores of patients and ex-patients the writer has talked with or received correspondence from, only one came to Dr. Muncie first. The average had consulted and/or been treated by from three to four hearing specialists.

However, the most compelling argument of all (and the only one which carries weight in scientific circles) is the "clinical analysis." Here the value of a technique is measured by the study of its effect on a considerable number of rigidly controlled subjects.

The deaf as a class do not lend themselves to rigid control. There are those who are satisfied with an increase that lifts them to the conversational level (from 70 to 100 percent). Still others, for one reason or another, are unable to pursue the full course of treatments recommended. I myself fall into this category, as I was forced to leave New York three months before the estimated maximum benefit was derived. Still, I had a hearing jump of some ten percent—as measured by an aurist who had never heard of Dr. Muncie.

In spite of the difficulty with control, clinical studies have been made by him. He has presented over 65 papers before more than 30 scientific organizations, many of which have been published in scientific journals. One such was in 1935 on the subject of Meniere's Disease.

Those suffering from it claim it to be the worst of all types of deafness, and quite likely they are right. It is a progressive disease characterized by sudden attacks of dizziness, nausea, vomiting, loss of hearing, and tinnitus. The victim may be walking across the street when, utterly without warning, the world starts to spin and he collapses in a heap of violent retching.

Meniere's Disease is still considered incurable. Dramamine tablets are used to alleviate the vertigo and nausea, but other than labelling it as a labyrinthine disturbance, most specialists have given it up as a lost cause. Brain surgery in which the auditory nerve is completely or partially severed is still used as a last resort.

Following a quarter-century of study, Dr. Muncie stated flatly that the disease was caused by a water-logged (edematous) or prolapsed Eustachian tube, which reflexly disturbs the fluid pressure within the semi-circular canals, plus severe toxemia.

As PROOF of his theory, he drew up a composite audiogram of

50 cases in which the average hearing capacity was 46 percent at the time of examination, 91 percent when he discharged them. He had relieved each case of vertigo, vomiting and tinnitus. Of these 50 cases, all had been diagnosed as Meniere's Disease by two or more otologists, none had been permanently relieved by traditional methods of treatment, and 29 had been advised to have brain surgery.

The chances are that you never heard of this study—or even of Dr. Muncie for that matter. In letters and conversations I've had with his patients and ex-patients, one sentence stands out: "It was only by chance that I heard of him." The writer can echo this sentence. Therefore, a legitimate question for any reader to ask is, "Why?"

During the Twenties, when Dr. Muncie was holding free clinics across the U.S. and a half a dozen other countries, newspaper and wire service accounts of the "miracles" he performed spread his name wide and far. Such publicity didn't sit well with the deeply-entrenched American Medical Association. After all, this man is not one of us—not a member of A.M.A.! Consequently, they lost no opportunity in belittling his technique. They threw up a barrage of charges that included even the one that he had employed a press agent. The attack lasted for years.

During the mid-thirties, the constant sniping convinced him that

he would be a happier man if he gave up clinical demonstrations. He retired to the relative hermitage of his Park Avenue offices—where he remains today.

And so the end of our story. But should it be the end?

Today, Dr. Muncie is 69. As far as he knows, he is the only physician in the world who is practicing Digital Reconstruction of the Eustachian Tube as a means of curing deafness—other than his son, whom he trained. It seems incredible that a technique which has restored the hearing of literally thousands will be permitted to die simply for the lack of an interested investigation.

There is no doubt that the technique can be taught. Dr. Douglas J. Muncie has been successfully practicing it since 1942 in Miami Beach. He was taught by his father during summer vacations from Med school. His results are now history.

Learning Digital Reconstruction, however, is a far cry from learning how to remove an appendix

by observing the operation in a flood-lit amphitheater.

"It's quite similar to learning Braille," Dr. Muncie says. "Developing a sense of touch adequate for distinguishing among the various types of tubal deformity is the prime requisite. Like Braille, it's something that's learned entirely in the dark."

ASKED if any physician other than his son had ever expressed an interest in learning, he replied: "Several. But after I explained what would be required, they suddenly lost interest. Actually, I can't blame them. I doubt that even I would leave an established practice for several months just to learn something new.

"But I feel sure of one thing—in another 40 years or so, advanced medicine will rediscover my research, and this treatment will be universally practiced. At present, the technique is too radical a departure from orthodox medicine. But it works. In the final analysis, that's the only thing that counts."

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# SHOULD WE UNIFY THE ARMED SERVICES

*by William V. Kennedy*



DEMANDS for the creation of a single "Armed Force of the United States" have cropped up once more, prompted by the public airing of some violent interservice disputes.

Former Secretary of the Air Force Thomas K. Finletter has suggested that we solve our military disputes by converting to a single military service garbed in a single uniform.

The Air Force Association, a vocal, hard-working Air Force veterans group, has adopted the Finletter proposal as one of its long-term objectives.

Judging from the origins of this latest demand for "unification," and the arguments advanced in its favor, the uniform of the new single service would bear a marked resemblance to that worn now by the United States Air Force.

This desire for a simplification of our military structure and for an end to recurring, violent disputes among the services expresses a strong public sentiment, one that goes far deeper than the position of a single partisan group.

Those who wish the Army, Navy and Marine Corps to be continued as separate services have made a strong appeal to tradition, esprit de corps and past glories. Powerful as those arguments may be, they must take second place to purely technical and economic considerations.

Four factors make the single service idea seem plausible: 1) What appears to be an increasing similarity among the services in matters of procedure, equipment, discipline and organization; 2) A widespread belief that the three services, as now constituted, represent a vast amount of duplication; 3) Belief that a single service will eliminate recurring inter-service disputes, and 4) A conviction on the part of the more extreme air power partisans that the Army, Navy and Marine Corps have ceased to play a decisive role in warfare.

The appearance of an ever-increasing similarity among the services is based on the fact that a gun is a gun whether mounted on a tank or in the turret of a cruiser,

that an airplane is an airplane whether it flies from a 10,000-foot concrete runway or from the deck of an aircraft carrier.

The best test of this view would be to have the Navy gunner's mate and the Army tank gunner, the pilot of a B-52 and the pilot of a Navy attack bomber trade places.

The gun tubes and the cockpits would be nearly identical in certain essentials. But beyond that the differences would be so complex as to require a re-training period of from a month or two to a year before any of the four men could perform his new job effectively.

A far more serious difficulty would be encountered in attempting the interchange of supervisory and command personnel.

The difference between fighting in the air, on the ground and at sea are so vast as to create three separate worlds, the inhabitants of which, although citizens of the same country, barely speak the same language.

**I**N THEIR proposals for an "Armed Force of the United States" the proponents of a single service have taken into account the fact that different elements do impose different requirements. As a solution they propose that the single service be divided into "departments" for land, sea and air forces.

If the average human being was not burdened by severe limitations on his imagination, on his physical

and mental energy, on his ability to comprehend and on his ability to retain and keep properly sorted vast amounts of technical data, the idea of a single military service might be a more practical one.

Unfortunately, each of us has these limitations. As a result, it is almost impossible for a man who has spent the major part of his military career in one element of warfare to command military forces in totally different elements with the same degree of efficiency he has attained in his own.

In war, that difference in efficiency can be the difference between victory and defeat.

The inability of army generals in the German High Command to grasp the full meaning of war at sea and to employ sea power with the same efficiency they employed land power has been demonstrated in Germany in two World Wars.

By the same token, the failure of Germany's air leaders to understand the realities of both sea power and land power led to disaster in the Battle of Britain.

Goering and the Luftwaffe simply could not bring themselves to comprehend that as long as the sea lanes remained open, as long as the British Fleet was able to operate in the Channel, no German soldier would set foot on England, no matter how much TNT was dumped from the sky.

The complete dominance of air and sea power in Russia by the



Army has crippled the efficiency of those two elements from the days of the Czar to the present. It may yet prove to be the greatest single Soviet weakness in a World War III.

It would appear, then, that a basic similarity among the services is more apparent than real, that each service and the men within it are severely limited by background, training and experience.

Far from eliminating these natural limitations, a single "Armed Force of the United States" would be subject to the limitations of whatever group dominated it.

The support given the single service idea by Air Force partisans and the powerful support they have mustered in Congress make it almost certain that a single service would be dominated by air officers. Historical experience has demonstrated that such dominance would straitjacket the ground and naval "departments" of the single service.

The belief that the present services represent a vast amount of duplication has a somewhat firmer base.

Here again, however, we must be careful to distinguish the real from the apparent.

The services have made considerable progress since World War II in eliminating duplication of materiel and functions.

The "single manager" system is one of the most notable advances in this regard. By this means, an

item of equipment in use by all the services, but of special interest to one, is purchased for the entire Department of Defense by the service having primary interest.

Unfortunately, standardization of equipment is limited by the same factors that limit the ability of a single human being to fight on land, at sea and in the air with equal efficiency.

All three services require clothing that will protect the wearer against moisture, wind and severe cold. But for the Army to adopt the Navy's foul weather gear as its battle dress, or for the Navy and the Army to adopt the Air Force's flight clothing would not only impose cruel discomfort on thousands of men but endanger the success of their combat mission.

It might make little difference to the airman if his radio headset were susceptible to failure in rain or heavy dust. To the tank crewman it could make the difference between life and death.

The only guarantee the fighting man has that someone is thinking of and fighting for his specific needs is a separate military service built and run to fight his kind of war.

THE FACTORS considered up to this point bear so heavily on the future of the United States and on the lives of so many men that they should be sufficient reason for rejection of the single service pro-

posals. It would not seem reasonable, therefore, to destroy a tried and proven military structure merely to eliminate recurrent public disputes.

Indeed, it is doubtful that combination of the present services into a single armed force would achieve that objective.

Conversion of the Army into a Military Department for Deserts, Swamps and Hay Fields will not resolve the issue of whether the Intercontinental Ballistics Missile should be handled by artillerymen or by pilots. Nor will use of a similar euphemism for the Navy settle the issue of whether the aircraft carrier is or is not a suitable base for bombers.

What is likely to occur is the stifling of all opposition to the ideas of the group dominating the new "Armed Force of the United States." The settling of vital public issues by such a means does violence both to sound military procedure and to the democratic process.

We have shown that a single service will almost certainly be dominated by the most extreme air power partisans. Taking into account the long-standing opinions of this group, it is equally certain that the Army, under a single service system, would be shorn of its aviation, its anti-aircraft and all but a handfull of its combat formations.

The Navy would become an anti-submarine force without capital

ships of any type and without its own aviation, even for anti-submarine missions. The Marine Corps, if it continued to exist in any form, would be reduced to the status of a guard detail.

The implications of atomic warfare may or may not justify such a drastic revamping of our military structure. To go so far on the basis of the evidence at hand and in the face of the known capabilities of our potential enemies would be to take a calculated risk against the odds of a roulette wheel.

If the time does come when the evidence on the side of the air power extremists is so incontrovertible as to warrant virtual destruction of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps as we now know them, then no consideration of sentiment or past glory should stay our hand.

TO ADOPT a single "Armed Force of the United States" at the present time, however, would be to fall in with a strategem designed to put an end once and for all to formal military opposition to the all-out air power doctrine originated by Gen. Giulio Douhet and carried forward at present by Mr. Alexander P. de Seversky.

Mr. de Seversky admitted in 1954 in a speech at Loring Air Force Base, Limestone, Maine, that "during World War II we did not possess the aircraft or the munitions to win the war by air power alone."

Yet throughout that war he repeatedly urged the cut-back of our land and sea forces in favor of a strategy based exclusively on long range aerial bombardment.

The chances that Mr. de Sever-sky, Mr. Finletter and the Air Force Association may have made a similar miscalculation as regards our present military policy are too great for the nation to accept a single service on the strength of their advice alone or on the basis of a desire for peace and harmony in the Pentagon.

The problem of recurring inter-service disputes can be solved without wrecking the entire defense of the United States in the process. A common-sense public information policy on the part of the Department of Defense that recognizes the right of the people, as the final arbiters of military policy, to know

the details of military disputes would improve the situation.

CONSIDERED without relation to individuals, to a particular world situation and to emotional arguments the single service idea may have merit. But a military institution is above all a human institution. It must be considered in the light of the ambitions, the jealousies and the limitations of the human beings who design it and administer it.

The "Armed Force of the United States" is a facade for the furtherance of a military doctrine that has, by the admission of its own greatest protagonist, been found wanting in the past. To gamble the future of the United States on the assumption that the crystal ball has now cleared would take a lighthearted people indeed.

### ***Our Atomic Secrets and Russia***

After the Soviets had been invited to witness our atomic bomb tests on Bikini in 1946, David Lilienthal, the favorite of Bernard Baruch, and Dean Acheson prepared an Atomic Energy Report. It recommended, in effect, that we exchange atomic knowledge with Red Russia. "When the plan is in full operation," the report said, "there will no longer be secrets about atomic energy."—So stated in the *Congressional Record*, Dec. 6, 1950, page 16338.



**B**UY SOME SNOW? We'll make it right on your lawn to insure a White Christmas at your house. Or, madam, you may prefer our pretty yellow color to the heaven-sent hue. For you, Mr. Department Store Manager, we have designs like rainbow swirl or Yule ribbon candy to enhance your window displays. A soft pink would be cute as a cover for that kiddie playground, and blue ideal for the municipal skating pond.

Fast as falling flakes on the heels of the now-famous rainmakers, a new enterprise is being polished up to its million-dollar possibilities by a group of pioneer snowmakers

including Dr. Wallace E. Howell, of Harvard's Rice Geophysical Institute. He paused during rainmaking experiments one day to tell his associates, "We've found we can stimulate nature to produce more rain if fundamental precipitation, temperature and cloud positions are favorable. Why not snow?"

Intrigued by the possibilities, Howell and his colleagues began air and ground tests with the odd-looking contraptions they call "small furnaces"—generators in which a jet flame vaporizes silver iodide, this vapor starting to rise in about twenty minutes. Aiming it at pregnant clouds, the snow-makers discovered they could double a normal snowfall: four inches instead of two, eight in lieu of four, etc. Moreover, they were able to "borrow" snow from a storm fast passing over into the next county or state, but not—significantly—to cheat the latter sectors out of their share of fall.

This fact, Howell realized, would be important to competing winter sports promoters. He took them the assurance that, "Snow-making can produce an undreamed-of boom to the recreation industry. In the course of a ski season," as his tests had shown, "it should be possible to increase the overall snowfall by from 12 to 20 percent at a cost of only \$2,000 to \$4,000 a month." This for operating the ground-type generators, ideal for big-business slopes like

those at Mount Sunapee, Mount Belknap and Franconia, New Hampshire; or Stowe, Vermont.

EARS NATURALLY were receptive to Howell. As David Heald, director of Mount Sunapee, phrased it, "Snow of any kind is the best thing that could happen to the skiing industry because it's just not been happening enough during past years." He and other slope promoters carry saddening memories of seven "dry Decembers" out of a past ten, in which they helplessly watched expectant out-of-staters streaming to their resorts with the first pre-Christmas flakes, seeing only barren or patchy slopes and streaming right back again. Many New Englanders fall into the "weekend sportsmen" class. Because their chances of "getting away for some skiing" are limited, their discouragement is obviously keener in the climax of a whiteless goose chase. A goodly number have been lost permanently to New England resorts.

For these sponsors Howell's first snow-seeding successes have brightened hope on a par with a rival project developed almost simultaneously by two Massachusetts brothers. In fact, Joseph and Phillip Tropeano's gadget suggests possibilities of bettering Howell's more scientific formula. Joe and Phillip claim their method of snow manufacture is cheaper, less dependent on the weather's whims and, most

important, enables lodge proprietors to *time* snow with an unflux of guests.

These heartening developments started with an accident at the brothers' farm in Lexington. An agricultural engineer, Joe was designing a large spray-type nozzle with which he hoped to produce artificial fog as an anti-frost weapon vital to Florida and California citrus fruit growers. One frigid morning, with Joe away and Phil left alone in the farmyard to puzzle over the rather troublesome nozzle, he started flowing water through the feed hose just as the phone rang in the barn office. Phil went to it without bothering to shut off the faucet.

Upon return he was astonished to find a white, powdery mound fairly burying the sprayer. Phil rushed to shut off the equipment, but an idea clicked! He just let the "powder" keep piling up. When his amazed brother drove into the yard, he was greeted with a grin that was due to launch a new enterprise for both of them: "Know anybody interested in buying snow?"

Soon the Tropeanos were deep in tests. These indicated that so long as the temperature remained below freezing, they could lay down snow at the rate of one inch to the hour. Mathematically, the more snow you wanted, the more nozzles you'd use. But would it be that simple in widescale appli-

cation? At High Point Farm, the popular ski center at Brandon, Vermont, the brothers staged initial trials intended to point up the quirks in their apparatus. They found several, but tasted success also. For example, in a dozen-hour spraying shift they could pack snow that was three feet thick—to rival a natural performance for the time involved.

Both the Tropeano and Howell methods even *outdo* nature in some respects, as quality of product. The man-made snow is “faster” for skiing. And as Mount Sunapee’s Dave Heald observes, “It has a lasting quality of probably fifteen to twenty-percent longer. The synthetic snow settles more compactly because not as much air is built around it as occurs in a natural fall.”

**N**O SKIER appreciates a sudden rain or bulky humidity, combined with a temperature drop, that slicks a white cover with dangerous ice. The artificial comes through in this regard with the apparent ability to forestall icing just as it does melting.

All advantages considered, so far perhaps the Tropeano system holds the edge. Theirs as well as Howell’s depends on freezing weather, but the latter’s technique additionally calls for knowledge of at least amateur meteorology to assure sufficient snow at the right time for such as weekend resort guests.

You’ve got to have advance forecasts, undertake a constant study of climactic changes, need a meticulous network of generators at certain “co-ordinates” and men trained to work the silver-iodide seeders.

Meantime the largest stamp of approval on the Tropeano gimmick is that you can turn on their \$36 nozzle virtually anywhere, anytime that a freeze sets in, and keep it spewing the powder so long as it’s profitable to do so. At the Mo hawk Mountain Ski Area in Cornwall, Connecticut, Manager Walter R. Schoenknecht probably holds the manufacturing record to date. Last season he ran into a bad two-week period; snowfalls were much too light and forecasts uninspiring in the face of an expected weekend-customer rush. Schoenknecht was determined to combat a promised ill fate at the turnstiles. So, hooking up pipes, pumps and nozzles, he waited until it was cold enough. A miserly snow began flitting down then but, considering all natural influences, the seasoned resortman knew it wouldn’t amount to much in a final blanket—not alone, anyway. On went the compressors; the nozzles whirled.

“By helping out two skimpy falls on two weekends, we were still able to provide an excellent quarter-mile run.” Strictly from a profit viewpoint, Schoenknecht’s feat was a minor one in the end; many skiers, watching only forecasts,

were unaware of his success at supplementing nature's supply of snow. But he proved conclusively that poor skiing conditions need not spell *wholesale* collapse of revenue for a winter sports lodge.

CAN GAINS outdistance costs over a season, or permanently? Snowmaking is still too embryonic a business to boast of a single, large-scale established result. However, some skiing promoters are convinced that the eventual payoff can be very worthwhile. Take Mount Sunapee, where occasional runs of 200-by-600 feet were covered with almost an inch of artificial snow at a cost of \$120 apiece. "A permanent installation of needed equipment would cost us about \$10,000," estimates Manager Heald. "It would probably take us two years to recover the expenditure." On a single slope last year, Heald took in \$11,000 during one month. "By extending the skiing on that slope for an additional thirty or forty days with the use of artificial snow, we could potentially increase our income by a like amount."

Those are the sweetest words possible for operators like himself; they propose a lucrative revolution for the winter sports industry. Lengthened seasons would naturally mean that allied businesses like hotels, restaurants, sporting-goods shops and transportation media would share in a big boom.

Conceivably even new ski centers would be established through the availability of fake snow where now none exist.

While creating snow for commercial slopes seems simple and promising almost anywhere, it's still frankly illogical to attempt an artificial snowstorm on rugged mountain trails. You can of course haul numerous nozzles to any point by panel truck, but a far-removed water source would tangle most lodges in more piping and caretaking expenses than many could probably afford. Mountain runs can be benefitted, though, in the area of one of the most familiar skiing hazards: a long run usually contains worn or bare spots that often cruelly spill the unsuspecting or unalert skier. The familiar method of repair has been to transport tons of crushed ice up and down trails in a tedious, expensive operation. Say the new snowmakers, four nozzles working 'round-the-clock would suffice to stockpile all the "mender" a good-sized resort might require through a whole season.

Only one considered application is that laying patch-ups in *different colors* could, like traffic lights, not only forecast safety conditions of the snow but twists and obstacles of terrain to the skier who is whooshing downtrail. Further, declare the Tropeano brothers, "Anyone who has done plenty of skiing knows how a hard glare off

the snow produces 'blindness.' Borrowing a fact from science, we might lay a slope of perhaps a restful green to supply a much-needed visual advantage."

The Tropeanos are already pursuing that possibility in experiments with special snow tints. They are convinced their tests will soon offer startling versatility to creative designers in many fields to bring about changes in winter-time recreation scenery, retail display, show business and private decoration. For instance, how about man-made snow in any color

you prefer on your lawn—or around your livingroom fir—on the next White-less Christmas? Walk into a department store and you may find winter clothing and sports equipment realistically displayed.

THE PARADE of possibilities for all levels of public and commercial activities is as large as American ingenuity has proven itself to be. So don't be too surprised if a new professional field opens up, and universities begin to grant a degree in Bachelor of Snow Arts.

### *Classmates at Harvard*

The following men attended Harvard together in 1927:

1. VANDERBILT FIELD—who sparked the sinister Institute of Pacific Relations and the Civil Liberties Union.
2. LARRY DUGGAN—who was Field's roommate. Remember that it was Duggan who later jumped or was pushed out of a window when government investigators were ready to interview him.
3. "CHIP" BOHLEN—our current Ambassador to Red Russia, who was appointed despite the opposition of several well-informed Senators.
4. ALGER HISS—who (after graduation from Johns Hopkins in 1926), was at the Harvard Law School under Felix Frankfurter from 1927 through 1929.

The minds of these four men were being poisoned by material flowing from the conspirators. At this time Harry Dexter White was also planting his seeds of disloyalty and was placing key men in our government intelligence training schools.



## **“A NEW PARLOR GAME”**

**by Larry W. Ross, Jr.**

**S**UPPOSE you are having some friends in for the evening and you belatedly discover that the TV tube has burned out, the children have ruined all the playing cards and there is no mix for drinks. Your guests are about to arrive. What should you do? Take them to the movie? Turn off all the lights and not answer the doorbell? Call the party off?

No indeed. You greet your friends cordially and when all are assembled and settled comfortably, you calmly announce that the planned entertainment for the evening will be “conversation.” To heighten the effect of the announcement you let everyone sit in shocked silence for a few moments before going on to explain the rules of this new and delightful form of entertainment.

The object of the game is to exchange and develop ideas. If this sounds too corny for your group, skip it and go on with the rules.

Because you are host you are tactful enough to choose a subject

with which every member of the party has some familiarity so that everyone may participate. The success of the entertainment depends upon your success in handling this most difficult problem. You realize that if the subject is not interesting to everyone you will soon have three or four “gab-fests” going on at once, and the entertainment will be a flop.

The difficulty of the task confronting you is made apparent by the fact that most of the members of your group share no common heritage of either backgrounds, education or ideas. You are attempting to find a common area of literacy, and unless you know your guests well you may be hard put to find a suitable subject.

The individuals may variously be versed in foreign affairs, art, local politics, basket weaving and literature, and their contributions may shed much light as the discussion progresses, but you try to determine how each can be brought to bear on a general conversation.

Perhaps there is a play or book which everyone has seen or read that can be discussed. Your conversation will be better if your subject is clearly in focus and the issue sharply defined. But you may be forced to choose a more general area, such as education, about which everyone is likely to have some information and an opinion.

However, you will avoid a topic on which one of your guests is an expert, knowing that you run the risk of the conversation turning rapidly into a lecture. A conversation is always an *exchange* of ideas *between* persons.

THE RULES for conversation are simple and may be easily learned by the novice. Though the rules are frequently difficult to practice, they are the *sine qua non* of good communication. As you become practiced you will want to observe some of the many finer points of talking, but the fundamentals outlined here will, when observed, richly reward the serious student of conversation.

*Listen carefully* and attempt to understand thoroughly what your opponent is saying. Especially be alert to misstatements and call them to his attention. This device is stimulating and puts your opponent on the defensive.

*Keep the conversation from wandering*, and be alert to your opponent shifting the issue when he

discovers he is on weak ground.

*Do not argue about facts.* When your opponent says, "It's true," and you say "It's not," the conversation has grounded itself upon an impasse. You magnanimously grant the fact because you are interested in where the conversation leads, not in winning the argument. It also shows you are a better man than your opponent.

*Clarify the meanings of key words in the conversation.* A preoccupation with definitions is tedious and soon leads to a breakdown of the conversation, but some attention to meaning is necessary to make sure you are not talking about different things.

When you get an idea of what your adversary means by a word, you accept his definition, realizing that most of us are poorly practiced in the use of words, and we are likely to have no true notion about the meanings of many of them.

Of course, all the rules of courtesy and fair play are carried out in friendly conversation. You coax your opponents to see your position by developing it with cogent arguments, illustrating it with apt similitudes and identifying it with known truths. And certainly you refrain from taking advantage of the mistakes and ignorance of your adversaries—unless, of course, the party gets dull. And now . . .

*En garde!*

# C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



# THE TRUTH ABOUT TITO

by **Constantin A. Fotitch**

*Former Ambassador to Yugoslavia*

ON JUNE 28, 1948, the free world learned with amazement that the Cominform, successor of the disbanded Comintern, had ousted Tito, dictator of Yugoslavia and his Communist Party, from the "family of fraternal Communist parties." Cominform accusations were couched in terms similar to those made during the great Soviet purges of the 30's against Communist leaders who had invoked Stalin's wrath and were to be liquidated by the despot of the Kremlin.

Tito, considered until then as Moscow's favorite vassal, was indicted of crimes of deviation, aggravated by "boundless ambition, arrogance and conceit." The Cominform indictment, coming out of a blue sky, ended with an appeal to the Yugoslav Communist Party to replace Tito and his clique with "new leadership of the party."

This appeal brought no result. Tito, unlike other comrades who had fallen victims to Stalin, was beyond reach of the Kremlin's military might and was protected by a very efficient secret police of his own.

The Cominform resolution shocked the outer world by its suddenness and violence. The much-publicized "monolithic unity" of the Communist bloc had been profoundly shaken. The surprise was all the greater since Tito was considered a favorite pupil of Stalin, one who pursued the Communization of his country more forcibly than any other leader of the "people's democracies."

Policy-planners and analysts of Communist problems were at a loss to find satisfactory explanation for the violent conflict. Scores of reporters, columnists and commentators descended on Belgrade to calculate how the Western Allies could exploit this unexpected break in the Communist family.

But while searching for ideological differences, most of the experts lost sight of the personal element, which was the fundamental reason for the cleavage. Tito himself, although slow in giving an ideological explanation for the conflict, helped to promote confusion, which he needed in order to gain Western support in his difficult situation.

Through effective propaganda, he stressed that the only reason for

the break was his determination not to take orders from the Kremlin. He claimed that, above all, he was anxious to defend the independence of his country, achieved with untold sacrifices and, unlike that of the other Satellites, without the assistance of the Red Army. In the face of such propaganda, the Western Powers were quick to forget that Tito was, and remained, an inveterate Communist dictator who maintained himself in power only through the use of totalitarian methods, against the will of the overwhelming majority of the people of Yugoslavia.

With Stalin in the Kremlin, the conflict grew in violence, and as the years passed, shifted from party line to governmental level. The Soviet and their Satellites broke all trade relations with Yugoslavia and denounced the treaties which represented the foundation of the Communist "monolithic system."

WHEN Tito complained in August, 1949, of the unfriendly attitude, he received a note signed by Molotov which undoubtedly has no parallel in the annals of diplomacy. Molotov told him bluntly that "in the assertion of the Yugoslav Government, every word is a lie." The Soviet note continued that "the Yugoslav Government has deserted the camp of Socialism and democracy" and that "it should be emphasized that the Soviet government despises deserters

... Consequently the Yugoslav Government cannot expect kindness, or still less, respect, from the Soviet Government."

So the conflict raged for almost the seven years remaining of Stalin's lifetime. Meanwhile, Tito gradually changed his attitude toward the Western Powers. From open hostility, typified by the shooting down of unarmed American planes in 1946 and by insolent propaganda against "warmongers, capitalists and reactionaries," he began to seek their support, without which his regime would have collapsed.

The chasm between Yugoslavia and the Soviets seemed to be unbridgeable, and Tito's ingenious propaganda presented him as a defender of his nation's independence and a leader whom the Western Powers should help in their own interest. In urging American economic and financial aid, Assistant U.S. Secretary of State Perkins, testifying before the Senate Committee for Foreign Relations, stated that "as long as Yugoslavia maintains its independence, it will be a significant factor in weakening the power and influence of Stalinist Communism throughout the world." The chairman of the committee, Senator Connally, defending the Administration's request for 70 millions in emergency aid to Yugoslavia, told the Senate: "We need to maintain that strength on the side of freedom."

Aid was also called for in the name of strategic interest, to enable Tito to preserve his military potential. It was taken for granted that Tito's 32 divisions would fight on the side of the democracies in a showdown between East and West. The counsellor of the American Embassy in Belgrade made an enthusiastic statement to the press to the effect that: "There is no better investment for us today in the world, dollar for dollar, than aid to Tito."

In such a favorable atmosphere Tito received from the Western powers, mainly from the U.S., between 1949 and 1956, grants, gifts, loans and long-term credits of more than one billion dollars. From 1951, Tito also began to receive U.S. military aid, the total amount of which remains undisclosed but is reliably estimated at over 500 millions. (A resolution of Congress on July 26, 1956, discontinued further shipment of arms to Yugoslavia.)

The policy of aid to Tito was supported by the argument that his rebellion against Stalin could become contagious and that the satellite countries, even Red China, might follow his example. Therefore, the spreading of Titoism could conceivably be a fatal blow to the whole Soviet system and its policy of world domination.

AFTER Stalin's death, his successors set about removing all obstacles for a reconciliation with

Tito. Neither Stalin's enmity nor ideological barriers stood in the way of ending what an editorial in PRAVDA called "a senseless conflict so harmful to world Communism and to the building of Socialism." Khrushchev and Bulganin spared no effort in placating Tito. Attacks against Tito were discontinued, as were the newspaper criticisms, radio broadcasts and pamphlets. Steps were taken immediately to restore normal diplomatic relations. Soviet leaders made frequent statements about the re-establishment of friendly relations between the two Socialist countries. Tito reciprocated their desire for reconciliation, but proceeded cautiously so as not to endanger the generous military aid he had been receiving from the Western democracies.

These efforts at reconciliation were climaxed by the spectacular and humiliating visit of Khrushchev and Bulganin to Tito in May, 1955, barely two years after Stalin's death. The visit ended with a long declaration issued in Belgrade on June 2, which embodied full agreement on several important issues dividing the free and the Communist worlds. True, party relations were not mentioned in this declaration, nor did Tito formally join the Communist community. Western correspondents took great satisfaction in Tito's propaganda statements that the visit was on purely a "governmental level." They for-

got, however, that in a Communist state, it is impossible to draw a line between the government and the party.

The Soviet leaders had good reasons to be satisfied with their pilgrimage to the man whom with Stalin they had labeled "deserter, traitor and Judas." They reached an understanding with him on such important issues as Red China, Formosa, the reunification of Germany, European security and disarmament, and secured his collaboration in the diplomatic field.

SINCE the Belgrade visit, progress has been achieved towards close collaboration with Tito, and for restoration of the unity of the Communist bloc, but on lines different from those rigidly imposed by Stalin. The Soviet rulers extended large credits to Tito—200 millions, in addition to 20 million granted by Poland and 75 million by Czechoslovakia. Then, when Tito made his state visit to Moscow, he was received with unprecedented lavishness. Knowing his boundless vanity and ambition, the Soviet leaders went out of the way to flatter the dictator of Yugoslavia. Unlike the visit to Belgrade, Tito's visit did not remain a "purely governmental affair." This time even this fiction was dropped. Before leaving for Moscow, Tito's Foreign Minister, Koca Popovic, declared that the visit "would afford the leaders of the two countries

many opportunities to discuss the possibilities for the achievement of Socialism in the world."

In most statements, the phrase "achievement of Socialism" was used in Aesopian language instead of "Communism." However, in a speech in Leningrad on June 6, Tito openly stated that "we will do everything and strive to make the friendship between our peoples become closer, to make our cooperation useful for both sides and for the construction of Socialism and Communism."

The real importance of Tito's visit lies in the establishment of cordial relations with the Soviets on both governmental and party planes. Tito probably did not sign any formal treaty of alliance or military convention, but in a speech in Stalingrad, he declared that "Yugoslavia in time of peace as in time of war will march shoulder to shoulder with the Soviet Union." Despite his statement to the American Ambassador in Moscow that his speech was "misquoted" by the press, the reliability of the AP and Reuters correspondent is certainly to be more trusted than Tito's denial. Moreover, Marshal Zhukov, in receiving the award of the highest Yugoslav decoration, stated: "Soviet and Yugoslav military forces are struggling to maintain peace, but should war be imposed upon us, we would struggle shoulder to shoulder for the benefit of mankind."



The visit of Tito demonstrated that the unity of purposes between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia has been restored on more solid grounds than during Stalin's lifetime. There was no need to sign a formal treaty nor would Tito, still anxious not to burn all his bridges to the West, and especially to the United States, have gone that far. Moreover, the Soviet rulers prefer to let him play his role of independent.

Their first objective is to destroy the system of collective security so painstakingly built up by the United States and to break the solidarity of the Western Allies. In these efforts they can count on the support of Tito. He has already taken a definite stand against NATO, stating repeatedly that he would never join that organization. He has publicly taken an equally hostile stand against the Baghdad Pact, another link in the Allied chain of collective security. He has taken no steps to lessen the persecution of Catholics in Yugoslavia. At the United Nations, his delegation has never sided in any controversial issue with the United States, and even at the height of his conflict with Stalin, his delegation voted against the action of the UN in Korea and against the resolution branding Red China as aggressor.

With Colonel Nasser, Tito has established the closest collaboration, teaching him how to deal

with the Western Powers. Tito has disclosed that Nasser told him, as long ago as 1954, that he was going to nationalize the Suez Canal. Nasser's coup against the Canal, coming a few days after their meeting at Belgrade and Brioni, would hardly have been carried out without Tito's encouragement and the Soviet agreement. Toasting Nasser in Belgrade on July 16, 1956, Tito saluted the full agreement reached between them on many important international issues.

The surprise September visit of Khrushchev to the Island of Brioni and Tito's equally sensational trip to Yalta is another demonstration of the Soviet determination to establish close cooperation with the dictator of Yugoslavia. These meetings were shrouded in mystery, and explained as "purely social and for recreational purposes." The clue to the meetings is found in the Soviet efforts to be prepared for any event arising from the situation in the Middle East.

HOWEVER, in his speech at Pula on November 11th, Tito revealed the chief subject of his talks with Khrushchev. They had been focused upon the relations of Russia with the satellite countries. Apparently the two dictators did not see eye to eye on this subject. "They (the Soviet leaders) had certain wrong and defective views on relations with these countries—with Poland, Hungary and oth-



ers," Tito explained. The reconciliation between Tito and the Kremlin, which had seemed so cordial in June, began to show signs of serious strain in September.

The latest events show the Yugoslavian dictator in the role of friendly critic of all that Russia has done in Hungary and Poland.

The Hungarian revolt in October against Eno Gero's three month rule was a vindication of Tito's warning to Khrushchev at Yalta. In his speech at Pula he indicated that he regarded Gero's blindness and blundering as the cause of the Hungarian crisis.

But Tito made clear that he approved the second Russian intervention, after Gero was replaced. He approved it on the ground that "reactionaries" had captured the revolt and had begun a "general massacre" of Hungarian Communists. On November 21, this white-wash of Russia was confirmed by the vote of the Yugoslav representative in the United Nations General Assembly against the resolution calling for withdrawal of the Soviet forces.

Like the Soviets, Tito in this pronouncement accuses the Hungarian revolutionaries of being led by "fascists, imperialists and reactionary forces" who were not only against Rakosi and Gero but "against Socialism in general" and the Soviets were therefore faced, he declared, with the dilemma—

chaos, catastrophe, civil war and counter revolution—or the lesser evil, armed intervention of their troops. He admits this was an error, but "if with their intervention they saved Socialism in Hungary, then," Tito said, "it was necessary and all this will one day become positive."

His position is that he is anxious to save Socialism in Hungary because he is conscious that a debacle of Socialism in that country would engulf the imposed Communist dictatorships of Central and Eastern Europe including Yugoslavia, where the Communists enjoy no more support than their comrades in Hungary. He pleads, almost implores, with the Soviet rulers to grant more autonomy to their satellites as the only way to relieve the pressure of the oppressed peoples and thus save communism.

THOSE Westerners who have seen in Tito a possible ally in the anti-Communist fight must now sharply revise their opinion in the light of the events of 1956. Tito is still a doctrinaire Communist.

Tito and Titoism do not lead us to a winning anti-Communist road. They will lead the West only to confusion. After the Pula speech, there can no longer be honest differences of opinion in the Free World on where Tito stands on Communism.

# THEY KILL FOR FUN

by Christopher W. Coates  
*Director of Aquarium  
Bronx Zoo*

as told to  
*Jack Denton Scott*

AS HEAD of the Aquarium at the Bronx Zoo, New York, I accept as an occupational hardship numerous fish stories to which I am compelled to turn a receptive ear. I also have some pretty interesting fish stories of my own. But I can hardly ever get anyone to listen.

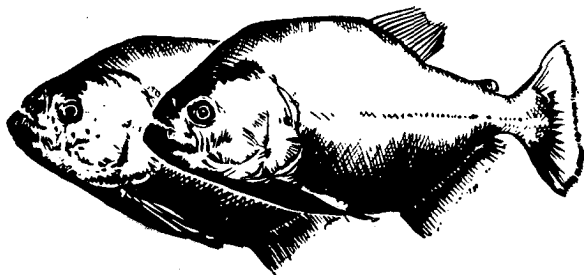
The story that follows has been tried out only once. I told it to an elderly visitor in answer to her question about the world's most dangerous fish. She threatened to report me for "making fun of an old lady."

Called by several names, piranha, piraya, caribe, pirai pirana, not more than a couple of species of my "horror fish" exceed ten inches in length.

We once obtained a number of immature specimens, none more than half an inch long when they first arrived. We gave them a tank containing 400 gallons of water so that they had, relatively, an enormous area in which to swim. The idea was that if they grew up together they might possibly learn to tolerate one another long enough to mate.

One day, when they were about two inches long, I saw one suddenly, and without any apparent reason, bite another.

Without any hesitation at all the remaining seven turned on the bitten fish and in a matter of seconds they had snapped off the posterior two thirds of it. I wanted to preserve the head for examination of the teeth, and started to remove the helpless front portion of the fish—which was alive but unable to swim—by means of surgical tweezers. The fish head seized the



tweezers in its mouth and hung on as I lifted it from the water and put it into a vessel. Only by putting the head into formalin, and thus killing it, was I able to extricate the tweezers from its mouth. Even as it was dying, its teeth had been able to mark the hard steel.

The stories that exist about this fish are spine-jelling. Shortly after World War II, a young American flyer, Captain Chester Allan Scott, while attempting to return to his base in Bogota, Colombia, South America, was forced to crash-land in the jungle. Natives took him to their village.

The next morning he thought he'd take a swim in the broad river. As he was about to enter the water two natives grabbed him and threw him to the ground. While one held him on the ground, the other kept pointing at the river and gobbling like a terrified turkey.

Finally, when they saw he didn't comprehend, and with some exasperation, the natives got a small pig and threw it into the river. The captain saw a school of fish resembling small blunt-nosed sunfish suddenly appear from nowhere.

"The water seemed to explode," the captain said. "It churned and boiled with the fury of the fish and the death struggles of the pig. In ten minutes the pig was gone, torn to pieces."

One native grinned and held up

a hand with three missing fingers. He pointed to the fish in the river. The authenticity of the captain's story is backed up by many recorded incidents of the piranha's prowess.

David Fairchild, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, in his book, *Hunting Useful Plants in the Caribbean*, reports a swarm of piranha reducing cattle to a heap of bones in fifteen minutes.

THE FEARLESS Teddy Roosevelt was horrified at the piranha. He told of fishing in the Brazilian wilderness and seeing one of his men lose a foot before they got him out of the water.

C. B. Brown, in his work on the Guianas (where the piranha is also a scourge), says, "Piranha were so abundant it was dangerous even to paddle on the river. They actually tore at the steering paddles as they were drawn through the water astern."

He mentioned the cases of several natives who dipped their paddles too deeply and lost anywhere from one to four fingers.

There are examples that prove method in the piranha madness: When they attack fish 10 to 20 times their size, they begin at the caudal fin. Then the fish without the principal organ of motion is devoured at ease.

American travelers are advised that it is best to cross most rivers in South America and the Guianas

with caution, even though on horseback. Don Ramon Paez, a South American adventurer, and two companions were crossing a river on horseback. One of the men spurred his horse, urging greater speed. Within minutes both the horse and man were eaten alive. The vicious piranha scooped out the helpless horse's stomach in a matter of seconds; its rider had no chance to escape.

The fish habitually attack the abdomen first, presumably because it is a soft and vulnerable spot. Because of this, natives call them *mondongueros* or tripe eaters.

They fear nothing. Vicious alligators that have been wounded, and in their mad pain will attack any living creature, merely give the piranha a fine chance of satisfying their blood-hunger; even the iron-skinned toes of the scaly animal are not free from their attacks.

In most sections where there are piranha, it is not safe even to wash clothing in the rivers. There are

thousands of cases of women who ignored the danger only to have fingers and toes ripped off.

THE TINY PIRANHA, at least for my money, is the most horrifying and soul-shuddering spectacle devised by a paradoxical Nature.

There has been only one photographic record made of this scourge. A hog was lowered into the water by means of a pulley, and a camera recorded the gruesome act of the flesh being torn from the bones as fast as the carcass was dropped into the river. The runt piranha completely skeletonized the 400-pound hog in ten minutes flat.

Curiously, hunger does not seem to be the urge that drives the piranha to kill. They kill for fun, tearing off bits of flesh tissue as long as any remains, dropping it as fast as it is ripped loose. In the excitement caused by the taste of flesh and the smell of blood, they often even destroy one another.

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### *Facts About Congress*

When Congress is in session, the stars and stripes are displayed over the Senate and House of Representatives wings. . . . a light in the lantern at the top of the Capital dome indicates that one or both branches are in session. Members of Congress draw their salaries, present or not; formerly they were paid at the rate of \$6 a day—and that only when present at sessions. It is against United States Senate rules to mention a fellow-Senator or any Congressman by name. It is claimed that no Senate desk has ever been given away and that none has been replaced. . . . familiar desks include those once used by Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun.

# This Is What They Said

It is the internationalist-collectivist lawyers who have *neutralized* American military power and made our promises ridiculous before the world.—SEN. WILLIAM JENNER, R., Indiana

In 1864, when I left Springfield, I asked the people to pray for me. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian; but when I went to Gettysburg and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. I do love Jesus.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Psychiatry removes the sense of guilt occasioned by abnormal self-indulgence, so indulgence can continue with enjoyment.—DR. FRED SCHWARZ

God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always willing to guard and defend it.—DANIEL WEBSTER

The United Nations is in reality the Fifth Internationale set up specifically to destroy the United States.—A former Soviet Intelligence Officer

People and things change. Principles and facts—*never*. The penalty good men pay for indifference to public affairs is to be ruled by evil men.—Plato

I can think of only one country which today contains the spirit which founded America, and that is the State of Israel.—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, in a baccalaureate speech at Massachusetts' Brandeis University

We would not hesitate to align ourselves with the Devil if the Devil would help us.—WINSTON CHURCHILL

Congress can correct the harm currently being done by television and radio companies by an extension of the public utility law to embrace them.—AARON M. SARGENT, at the annual meeting of Sons of the American Revolution

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of the Methodist Church flew to Australia to become part of the entourage of a character by the name of Josef L. Hromadka of Communist Czechoslovakia, who, incidentally, has been dubbed the No. 1 Communist spokesman of the religious world.

Hromadka has been decorated by the Communist President of Czechoslovakia for his outstanding world contribution to Communism, and on July 23, 1951, he was the featured speaker in the Communist rally, in Helsinki, Finland. He has conducted many rallies in Communist East Germany in an effort to sell Communism as entirely compatible with Christianity or other religions, and said the following in a speech at Budapest, Hungary, in 1951:

"I am shocked by the prejudice of Western Christians, when they say that a Christian life cannot be lived in a Communist land. The truth is I feel quite at home in it. We have had all the possibilities of serving the church faithfully under Communism."

In December of 1953, he published an article in the *British Weekly*, in which he called for recognition of Communist China, opposition of the rearmament of Western Germany, and in which he blames the Western powers for the Korean War.

In July 1952, Hromadka, after returning from the Berlin Peace Conference, said he was convinced the United States did use germ warfare in Korea.—FULTON LEWIS, JR., Broadcast January 26, 1956

Let me give this solemn warning. There can be only one Capital—Washington or Moscow. There can be only one atmosphere of government—the clear, pure air of free America or the foul breath of Communist Russia. There can be only one flag—the Stars and Stripes or the red flag of the godless union of the Soviet.

There can be only one national anthem—the Star Spangled Banner or the Internationale.—AL SMITH

The surest way to overthrow the social order is to debauch the currency.—KARL MARX

The New Testament contains more than 300 references to the return of Christ.—J. A. LOVELL, Editor, *Kingdom Digest*

The Christophers' objective lays special stress on (a) Love thy neighbor, (b) Be ye wise as serpents and (c) Go ye into the highways.—FATHER JAMES KELLER, in his recent book, *Give Us This Day*

# THE ELEPHANT IN

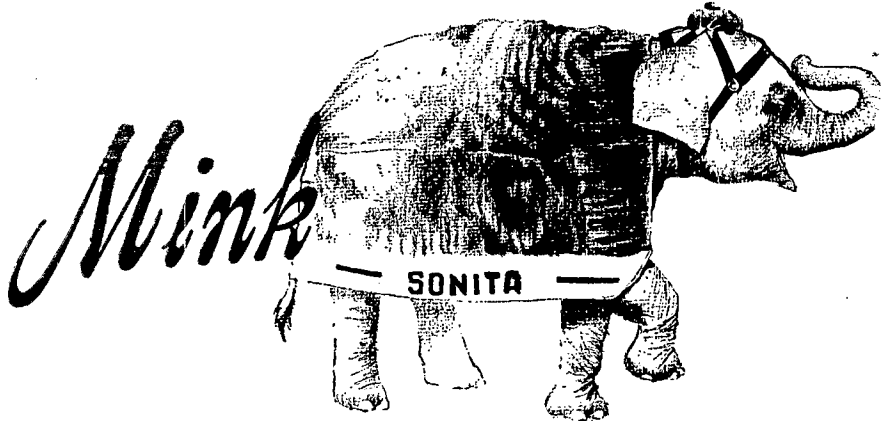
by Patricia Harvey

CHARLES and May Franks of Thousand Oaks, California, are probably the most unusual "grandparents" in the world. For Sonita, their "grandchild," is a three and a half ton elephant. Denied the pleasures of grandparenthood, since their one daughter was childless, this pleasant couple decided that the only thing to do was to buy an elephant. The decision was reached because, next to children, Charles Franks loves elephants.

Elephants have been his particular passion ever since he was a young man working in a foundry in his native Arkansas. Whenever a visiting circus would come to Pine Bluff, he'd resign from the foundry and get a job as helper—feeding, watering, and taking care of a whole string of elephants at first. Soon he graduated to "doing leads," which means in trainer language, taking the hook (a small, blunt instrument) and leading the elephants to water—touching them gently under the chin or behind

the ears to guide them. Before long he was assigned to just one elephant. This elephant would be his responsibility—his to wash and scrub down every day, water, feed, and "cue in" for his trick. To "cue in" his elephant, he would direct it to lift its trunk high for a salute and lower its head for a bow. These local expeditions to the world of circus elephants deepened his great love and respect for the noble mammals.

In 1920 Mr. Franks came to California and started his fine collection of miniature elephants, at the same time continuing his extensive study and reading on the elephant. When the time came for Mr. and Mrs. Franks to acquire their "grandchild," Mr. Franks had many facts at his fingertips and some very definite ideas about what constituted a really fine elephant. One thing he wanted was a wild elephant that had never been handled before so that he could break it in *his* way, using the English language for commands and not



Sengalese. Also he wanted an Indian elephant rather than an African one for he believes the Indian elephant is less temperamental to handle.

With this in mind Mr. and Mrs. Franks had a talk with Louis Goebel, an animal importer and exporter, and put in their order—"One Indian elephant about three and a half tons." Elephants are ordered by size only because of the uncertainty of capture in the jungle.

In the latter part of last April Mr. and Mrs. Franks received word that a young Asiatic elephant from Bangkok, Siam, about five feet tall and around two and a half years old, would be arriving aboard the freighter President Harrison in about a month.

**T**HE NEW BABY was named Sonita and after a thorough cleaning and worming, the early steps of getting acquainted with her new "grandparents" were begun. The first major step was to adjust Soni-

ta to her new surroundings and new relatives. Consequently every feeding and bathing was attended by much petting and sweet talk from the Franks. Soon Sonita was "at home" and started responding to simple commands such as "Come here" with ease. Then with great patience and love Mr. Franks began teaching Sonita a few basic tricks. The paramount necessity was to watch where and how she placed her feet. Every other word to Sonita was punctuated with the word "Feet" in the early learning stages and each attempt or proper execution of a step was rewarded with a raw carrot or piece of apple and great praise. In less than a year Sonita has learned twelve to fourteen tricks. Considering that some elephants—it takes twenty years for elephants to mature—know as many as thirty or forty tricks, Sonita is doing very well indeed.

Last August Sonita became a television actress—appearing with Eve Arden on one of her filmed



serial episodes. In September Sonita was invited to Hawaii. At first Mr. Franks declined the invitation because he thought Sonita did not know enough tricks to really be an attraction. But the "powers that be" persuaded Mr. Franks that their primary interest in Sonita was her youth. Hawaii had never had a baby elephant on the islands. Sonita and Mr. Franks were unprepared for the welcome that awaited them upon their arrival in these sunny isles. Sonita was flown from island to island and at each airport was greeted by lei-laden Hawaiian beauties in their traditional grass skirts. Sonita and Mr. Franks will long remember their six weeks in Hawaii. As if it weren't distinction enough to be a heroine of a collection of islands and a television actress at such an early age—Sonita also boasts the only "mink" coat owned by an elephant, as far as Mr. and Mrs. Franks can ascertain. Mrs. Franks and her mother spent a week making Sonita's fur adornment, spelling out "Sonita" in gay sequins along its magnificent border.

Like proper grandparents May

and Charles Franks are proud of Sonita and with encouragement will quickly show you pictures of their dear possession. They even have a scrapbook already filled with growing mementos of happy occasions since Sonita entered their lives.

THEY are not at all surprised when strangers readily agree with the complimentary and affectionate things they say about their "grandchild." For to these folks it is all very simple. May Franks said, "When we were first discussing the possibility of getting an elephant, I asked my husband what kind of elephant he wanted. Quickly he replied, 'Why, if I could get it, a perfect elephant.'" "What kind is that?", questioned Mrs. Franks. "Well," he said, "one with short legs, the tail of the trunk straight, a good disposition, slow moving and loving." Mrs. Franks then closed her eyes and with deep consecration said, "Lord, if it is Your will, send us this elephant." And as later events proved Sonita was that answered prayer, a perfect elephant.

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The first-grade teacher was supervising the serving of birthday cake and ice cream, brought to school for small Barbara's birthday. As she doled out the treat to one little boy, the teacher looked at his grimy hands and said,

"Oh, you'll have to wash those hands first!"

"I don't see why," the little boy replied. "I'm not going to feed it to anybody but me."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

# Blonde Behind the Camera

by  
Tom Stevenson



IT WAS HOT and the lion was getting touchy. He was a big animal, almost full grown, but still young enough to get kittenish. He crouched on the granite ledge ten feet above the African-like trail, the tip of his tail twitching in anticipation. Below him, but at a safe distance away, an actor in British hunting costume shook his head and wiped his hands on his dirty bush jacket.

"I'm sorry," he said to the tall blonde woman behind the little stereo camera, "but that ornery devil is getting mean, Ink. I just don't trust him any more."

Ingeborg Green checked her watch. She was making a series of Tarzan stories in stereo stills. She was working on a lean budget

and she was behind on her shooting schedule. She had no experience in working wild animals, but she had watched trainers at work and understood animals.

"All right," she said to the actor. "Give me your clothes. I'll do it."

Mel Coontz, the lion's owner-trainer protested, "Jim's right, Inky. Samba's getting pretty mean. You'd better let me work him."

Ingeborg shook her head. She was already putting on the actor's bush jacket. "We can't shoot the other scenes over again, Mel," she pointed out. "And you're not tall enough for Jim's part."

She slid into the actor's trousers, shoved her blonde hair up under a pith helmet, gummed the actor's moustache to her own upper lip, and picked up a hunting rifle. She signalled for her assistant to take over the camera. She went over and stood under the granite ledge with her back to the lion. "All right, Mel, let's go."

ON SIGNAL the lion pounced. His heavy body hit Ingeborg Green's head and shoulders and sent her tumbling. She somehow managed to keep the pith helmet on, even when the lion pinned her down on her back with his teeth fastened in her unpadded shoulder. She grabbed his throat and held him off until the cameraman yelled "Cut!"

She got up, dusted off her costume, wiped off a trickle of blood where the lion's claws had raked her neck, and went through the scene for eight more takes.

Ingeborg, or "Ink" as everyone calls her, amazes even imperturbable Hollywood. She's one of the only women recognized as a full-fledged independent movie and still producer. She's a proficient professional with documentary movies, film strips, and advertising

and publicity photography—from high fashion to high adventure. In her specialty, the production of stories in color-stereo stills, she has no equal, male or female. Associates love her for her warmth and personality. Even cut-throat competitors respect and admire her for ability, courage and professional integrity.

The first time he worked on one of her stereo story productions Andy Divine said, "From what I'd heard about Inky I expected her to be a gal about my size. It's hard to believe she's done everything they say she has. She's a real lady. She doesn't pack around much weight, but she's game for anything a stunt man will do."

Despite her deceptively gentle feminine appearance, Ink is as strong and tireless as a professional fullback and probably twice as fearless. Her many and varied productions are virtually one-woman projects in which she does the research, scheduling, casting, costuming, directing, and even some of the actual camera work and script writing. She'll tackle anything from a cliff-fall to a bucking bronco in order to hurry a lagging schedule or to improve an effect for her pictures.

She's a perfectionist who spends more time and money, and shoots more film than anyone else in the business to get the best effects. Even the old-timers she uses in her pictures—long accustomed to the

lavish "De Mille treatment"—are impressed with the superior quality of her settings and costuming.

And as for action, she's jumped in and wrestled lions, tigers, bears, crocodiles and Rin-Tin-Tin. For one Roy Rogers series she piloted a helicopter and stunted an old biplane.

Technically she is in partnership with her husband, Lee Green. Actually, their production work is done independently. So much so that much of the time they see each other only at home, if then. However, Lee frequently finds it expedient to call Ink in to work with him in emergencies. In one of his underwater documentaries Ink initiated herself in skin diving, graduated herself the next day to aqua-lung diving and made dives to depths approaching 100 feet in order to wrestle a giant squid and lure sharks in front of Lee's camera.

Ink shrugs off the hazards of her stunting as merely being part of the job. "Besides," she says, "I'm insured for one hundred thousand dollars every day I work animals. And the animals are always insured, and I have an expert rifleman standing by—just in case."

NEVERTHELESS, even her keenest competitors admit that there's no one quite like her in the business. "You can't beat her," one of them said recently. "Everybody in

town goes out of his way to help her—costumers, film processors, everybody. One time she was making a Bible series for Tru-View stereo—a big production, big cast, a lot of sets, all kinds of birds and animals, costumes they used in "The Robe," lots of props, the works. She ran into plenty of trouble. They were working out at Iverson's ranch location, and a big wind came up. It knocked over reflectors and sets. Then a jet flew over and messed up the sky for a couple of hours while she was trying to shoot the Ascension scenes. The donkey messed up her stable scene. The flock of sheep wouldn't stay put in the shepherd scenes. She ended up half a day over schedule with the Last Supper and all the rest of the interior scenes still to be shot.

So what happened? The whole cast and crew stayed on 'til midnight—and for free! It would have cost anyone else another full day's shooting—all the profit. But not Inky! All it cost her was a few suppers.

Ink and her husband alternate in producing stereo stories for Tru-View and Viewmaster viewers. Most of the stories, aimed at the tot to teen-age group, are rather modest productions by Hollywood standards, but they are strictly Big Business at the profit end. One currently popular young Western movie star found that out recently when he got his royalty check for

only one day's work on a single Viewmaster story.

He had never heard of Ink and her work and was openly miffed at being sent out on her location by his studio. He was temperamental and uncooperative, and kept referring to the production as "Peanut Pictures." But when he got his check for an amazing \$8,000 at the end of the year, he made it a point to call on Ink and apologize. Ink's contribution to the business profits last year almost made the six figure column.

**B**OY'S CLUBS throughout the country have set up libraries of the little disks and cards on which Ink's stereo stories are mounted. Sales in photo shops and toy departments approach fantastic figures through some 8,000 distributors here and abroad. Most of Ink's success is in her selection and treatment of familiar subject matter. Stories include table-top reproductions of popular Walt Disney cartoon classics, beloved fairy tales, and familiar Bible Stories illustrated by colorful three-dimensional puppets and mannequins. Some of the Bible stories are presented with live casts and animals. "In Person" Western adventure yarns feature all the currently popular stars of screen and television from

Hopalong Bill Boyd to Dale (Roy Rogers) Evans.

In addition to scenics of Marineland, Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm, Hollywood, the Tournament of Roses Parade, etc., Ink and her husband have produced such Adventure classics as "Twenty Thousand Leagues," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Tarzan," "Robin Hood," and of course, "Davey Crockett."

An Amazon orchid was presented to Ink by the exclusive and fiercely male Adventurers Club of Los Angeles for her outstanding contribution to Adventure.

In making the presentation, president Dr. Millard F. Osman said, "Ingeborg Green has a rare and unusual appreciation for real adventure, but she comes rightly by it. As a descendent of Roald Amundsen and blood relative of the present king of Denmark, she has the heritage of the Vikings. It is this Viking spirit that she injects into her work, that so delights children all over the world. But I wonder what their reaction would be if they knew that the villain being crushed under the foot of Tarzan's elephant, the dead Indian hanging by one foot from a tree crotch, the hunter being mauled by a tiger were all posed by a woman."

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When you think of how difficult it is to keep up with the Joneses, pause for a moment to pity old man Jones.

# IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

## PLANNED EVENTS V

By Russell Maguire

When the Mercury began this series we presented events of a generation ago. The last installment brought us up to 1940. The purpose was to show that memory does not always serve us well in relation to past events. But what of later happenings? Do busy Americans, beset by more problems than their fathers could have dreamed of, keep even the recent past in perspective? Unless they do, the times in which they live often will seem a harum-scarum of happenstance when, in fact, these times—as all times—are blocks in an orderly design of history. Now, to test your memory of more recent events—“planned events” which shaped the times not at random, but at exact times and places.

### DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN . . .

President Roosevelt pledged one thousand million dollars in lend-lease aid to the Soviet Union, *a month before we entered the war?* *It was in 1941.*

President Roosevelt ordered a limited state of emergency and froze the assets in this country of Germany and Italy? *It was in 1941.*

Japan signed a five-year neutrality pact with Russia? *It was in 1941.*

As the Japanese warmed their engines for their attack on Pearl Harbor, General George Marshall went to Bolling Air Field, Wash-

ington, D. C., to meet and greet Red Russia's Ambassador Maxim Litvinoff? *It was in 1941.*

Harry Dexter White, from his “planted” position of government authority, ordered American gold-mining equipment needed by this country transferred to Russia? *It was in 1941.*

Lauchlin Currie (who, as a recent citizen, had been “planted” as administrative assistant to President Roosevelt, and was later identified as a member of a Soviet spy ring) had Owen Lattimore appointed as special Presidential envoy to Chiang Kai-shek? *It was in 1941.*

AND, DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN . . .

The first controlled nuclear chain reaction was achieved, at the University of Chicago? *It was in 1942.*

Lewis Strauss, head of the international banking firm of Kuhn Loeb & Company, began a wartime government career that lead, afterwards, to the top controlling job in the vital all-powerful Atomic Energy Commission? *It was in 1942.*

The government began its vicious, long-drawn and finally dismissed "sedition" prosecution against persons who only objected to America's entry into the promoted war? *It was 1942.*

A United States intelligence officer, Colonel Boris Pash, reported to the White House and to the FBI that Robert Oppenheimer, key figure in atomic development, was deeply and definitely involved with members of the Communist Party? *It was in 1943.*

When Germany, with facts and data, accused the Soviet Union of the Katyn Forest Massacre, only to have U. S. propaganda agencies dishonestly attempt to prove that it was Germany that had done it? *It was in 1943.*

Harry Dexter White and his boss, Henry Morgenthau, had U. S. currency plates transferred to the Soviet Union, along with five airplanes loaded with special currency paper and special ink so

the Russians could print German occupation marks redeemable at will by the U.S. Treasury? *It was in 1944.*

Harry Dexter White, the man operating under a phony name, again working through Henry Morgenthau, promoted the so called Morgenthau plan for stripping Germany of all industry and turning its people into a shepherd race? *It was in 1944.*

World Government was helped as the United States was pushed into the International Monetary Fund and also into the International Bank. These sinister outfits were proposed at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, even before the conspirators planning the United Nations permitted any public talk regarding the UN. *It was July 1, 1944.*

After Japan had offered to surrender, American planes were ordered to drop atomic bombs on, ironically, the two outstanding Christian cities in the Orient? *It was in 1945.*

With Alger Hiss acting as coordinator, the conspirators' UN charter was drafted in San Francisco? *It was in 1945.*

President Truman signed a law permitting the privately-owned, interest-collecting Banks to operate with a gold reserve of only 25 percent of deposits of their privately-issued, interest-bearing notes in circulation? *It was in 1945.*

# THE NIGHT I WENT BLIND

**by Craig Rice**

**W**HEN it finally did happen, it was not a surprise, and I was not unprepared. I had been expecting it for a long time, and I knew exactly what to do.

Years before, probably in my early childhood—nobody knew exactly when—my right eye had gone. There was no such thing as regular eye examinations in those days, and I grew up without the slightest idea that my sight was any different from that of anyone else. So it wasn't a matter of much consequence. I could read, and did, omnivorously. I was a fair shot with a rifle, and could appreciate a view. Not until I was grown up, the mother of three children, and on my way to becoming a writer, did I learn that the answer was glaucoma, that the other eye was affected, and was

*A terrifying experience in the life  
of this well-known author.*

not, as the specialist so gently put it, responding to treatment.

So there it was to look forward to, and I hadn't the faintest idea when it might happen. Ten years or tonight. One guess seemed as good as another to me.

At first, of course, I didn't believe it. One doesn't believe things like that, the mind simply refuses to accept them. Then it began to seem true. And as time went on, I began to accept it, but with a kind of half-hearted flippancy. Thank goodness, I was a writer, and not a painter or a photographer. I'd seen everything anyway. I could always pick my friends with the Braille system and probably do better.

And at last there was complete acceptance, and the deep, almost unendurable despondency.... Never to see the faces of my children again. Never to see my grandchildren when that time came. The many places in the world that I had never seen—and the ones that I remembered joyously and now would never see again. The books I had never gotten around to reading, that now would have to be fumbled through in Braille—assuming they were to be found in Braille. The faces of old friends, and new friends, forever unseen. No sunrise, no sunset. Nothing. But worst of all, the



unescapable, the unbearable helplessness. . . .

All this, you understand, was a private matter between me and myself, just as the eye treatments with their faint and apparently fading hope, were between the eye specialist and myself. No point in letting the family worry, nor my friends. One person was enough to handle all the worrying for the time being.

But throughout all this period, there was one thought to hang on to—I could do something about the helplessness. I had time to get ready, and I used every minute of it.

FIRST, the little matter of getting around without upsetting the more fragile pieces of furniture, or barking my shins. I bought a black eye patch at the corner drugstore, and found that with the addition of a cotton pad and a little vaseline, I could achieve a good enough blackout. There was no difficulty about getting by with the eye patch, which gave me a rather pleasantly rakish look, something like the man in the shirt advertisements. Family and friends knew that I was having “a few minor treatments” on my “good” eye. That not only gave me the excuse but the cooperation I needed.

The starting point was getting around home. Sounds easy? Try it. I’d read somewhere of stringing light threads between articles of

furniture, but that seemed entirely too complex. Besides, I might as well start right out by having to do things the hard way. And anyway, the family cats would tear them down.

It seemed impossible to me at the beginning, and I can’t guess how many times I sat down and gave up in pure disgust and despair. I’d read too about a sixth sense one is supposed to develop, like a kind of built-in radar. Evidently I wasn’t going to get it. Or perhaps, I consoled myself, I hadn’t given it enough time. Or then again, there was the possibility that it didn’t come until the actual blindness did. Meantime, all I had to go on was memory and pure luck. What sense of direction I’d been born with—mediocre at best—seemed to abandon me the minute I reached for the eye patch.

But, innumerable weeks and innumerable black and blue spots later, I had made it. The only thing I didn’t memorize was the position of the light switches.

My stern insistence that no article of furniture—even the smallest ashtray—be moved an inch from its accustomed place, was accepted by my family as one of Mamma’s idiotic, annoying, but-to-be-borne notions. There was to be a night later when I was more than thankful for that insistence of mine.

Then, there were voices. Recognizing those of my family and friends was nothing. But trying to

determine just where they came from—that was something else. Sitting there in the darkness of my eye patch, I'd try to decide who was in the big green chair, who were sitting on the sofa, who was over by the window. My being deaf in one ear may have contributed to my failure, but I never quite made it. Not that it was important, but it was irritating. Wanting to turn my head in the direction of where I thought a speaker was, I was always afraid that I'd turn in the wrong direction and appear just mildly idiotic. I was still having all kinds of trouble with my pride!

THE EYE PATCH helped the emotional problem, too. Time after time someone would rush up to help me in some minor matter, and I had to learn to accept it. There was going to be a lot of that kind of accepting to do later on. But more people made pleasantly surprised remarks at the things I could do while "still having to wear that eye patch so much of the time!"

In fact, once when I was at home alone, in a moment of mad enthusiasm and completely misplaced self-confidence, I tried cooking. Better to draw a veil at this point! Enough that while the results were not completely disastrous, they came appallingly close to it. I cheered myself with the reflection that I had never been a very good cook anyway and might as well skip it.

But there was still the big outside world, made up not only of familiar places, but strange ones. Again I thought of, and wished for, the so far non-existent sixth sense. I watched and sometimes even followed people tapping their way along with white canes, but I never got up enough nerve to try it even on our own front sidewalk. That too might come in time, but there would be a gap when I would need to depend on the guiding hands of friends and even strangers to keep me from running into trees, lamp-posts or pedestrians, or from trying to walk through a moving stream of traffic. I didn't like the prospect much, but there it was.

I considered a seeing-eye dog for that inevitable future, but not too cheerfully. Large dogs alarm me. Too, one would undoubtedly eat us out of house and home—and all the seeing-eye dogs I had encountered looked as though they would insist on sirloin steak. Furthermore, there was the problem of the family cats. Large or small, they would definitely make a nervous wreck, if not mincemeat, of any dog.

All in all, my test flights into the outside world were not reassuring. In spite of the ever-willing guiding hands, going up and down unexpected curbs presented a definite peril. More than once, in disgusted rebellion at the reiterated "Step up. Step down." I tore off the patch, declared that I'd be all right with-

out it, and sulked along unaided. Getting in and out of cars was difficult and maddening. But I couldn't spend the rest of my life at home.

I DISCOVERED early how unsatisfactory descriptions could be. One of a strange apartment where I visited left me with only the impression of four more-or-less brown colored walls, two doors, some windows, furniture and pictures. It turned out to be a charmingly-decorated place with excellent reproductions of Toulouse-Lautrec. A description of a ride which included a park gave me grass, trees, people, houses, and a blue sky.

Descriptions of people were vague. But my personal impressions taken from voices were impossible. A rich, melodious voice belonged to a pinch-faced, cross-looking woman, who turned out to be a radio actress. A squeaky voice with a slight impediment came from someone who might have posed for a Charles Atlas ad. Admittedly those were remarkable exceptions, but all my impressions were wrong in varying degrees. The whole process was thoroughly discouraging.

I started studying Braille. I was not only fumbling and inept, but maddeningly impatient. A notoriously fast reader, I was used to taking in a sentence, or even a paragraph, at a time. You just can't do that with Braille. "Talking

books" were no better. I had habituated myself to grasp the printed word, rather than the spoken.

And meantime, work had to go on, not only because I loved it, but because I had to earn my own living and that of several other people.

Typing was not a big problem. I had started at the age of six on an old Oliver (reputedly borrowed from the Smithsonian) and progressed in a few years to one of the earliest portables. Naturally, I had never taken time to learn the touch system, but with three fingers and a thumb I could go as though I were jet propelled. So I found that in no time at all I could blithely turn out pages and pages, wearing my eye-patch. Of course I occasionally came up with "dp, ryjmg ;olr yjos"—but that was easy to fix. (An editor and a printer now know that I wrote most of one book that way, and my belated apologies to them both.)

The reading and correcting, though, were something else. That very important step was the big problem. I called in a friend—picking a seasoned radio announcer—and asked him to read a page of manuscript back to me. What I heard sounded as though it had been written by someone not only incredibly stupid but downright illiterate. In despair I asked him to read the punctuation out loud—the commas, periods, et al—and, deeply insulted, he left in a huff.

It was weeks before he spoke to me again.

All this kept me so busy that the emotional adjustment was taking care of itself—or so I blithely thought. There was a period when I haunted art museums until all pictures became a dizzy blur, and looked at scenery until the sight of a tree made me want to throw up. But building up a bank account of memories was another failure.

I ASKED MYSELF if it would have been better to have been born blind. I would not have had to go through this period of adjustment. But, in that case I would not have the memories of having seen. I knew and would not forget the beloved faces of my family and my children. I had seen sunrise and sunset, the seasons, the mountains and the oceans, gardens, and rivers and houses. I had seen the Grand Canyon and Minsky's burlesque, art galleries and grand opera and the Dempsey-Tunney fight. True, there was much more, but, I reminded myself, I probably never would get around to it anyway.

Yes, I was perfectly adjusted. Sure I was. Except that I never could go to sleep at night unless the lights were on. Not only in my room, but all over the place—save in the rooms where others were sleeping. (Looking back, I wonder what the neighbors thought.)

The family didn't ask for reasons or explanations. They never

did. And just as well, too. How would you explain to your five year old son that mother was afraid of the dark?

Then it came. The dark. Suddenly, just like that. Without warning or notice.

I had gone to bed and sleep as usual, in a blaze from the ceiling light, the table lamps, the bed lamp and even the light in the hall. Now they were gone. So was the glow that always came in the window from the street outside, and the distant squares of neighbors' windows. There was nothing.

I lay perfectly still, hardly breathing. Somewhere I had read a line—"To the blind, there is no complete black. Blackness is a thing one sees." It was something like that.

For a long time I just lay there. I didn't think much of anything. There didn't seem, just then, to be a lot to think about. But then I began to wonder what time it was.

Was it still night, or was it daylight? Suddenly knowing the time became the most important thing in the world. I waited, keeping very still, until I heard the mantel clock strike two

It had been storming earlier that night, and from outside I could still hear the rain pouring down. I thought of how the street would look through the window, all glistering and sparkling and wet. And then, all at once, I couldn't bear it, I couldn't bear any of it.

At last I realized that I had to. It hadn't anything to do with courage or anything like that. Simply, here was the fact—no getting around it or running away from it. I don't suppose it can be called courage to do a thing only because there is absolutely no other thing to do.

But all this fine so-called emotional adjustment, the acceptance of others' help, the rest of it—it had all gone down the drain like yesterdays dishwater. I was going to have to start all over again and from complete rock bottom.

Finally I reached for a cigarette, remembered I had left them in the living room. Well, now was my chance to find out—and alone, thank God—whether I was going to have to relearn all the practical things, too.

I PUT ON my robe and slippers, found the living room door and my favorite chair without a fumble. Or at least, more than a few slight fumbles. So far, so good.

Instinctively I reached for the telephone to call the doctor, then stopped. No point in waking him up in the middle of the night to tell him something that wasn't going to be any news. That brought me to, how was I going to tell my family? I'd had that all figured out in my mind, but now everything was different. I toyed with the idea of letting the doctor tell them. Or wearing the eye patch, saying noth-

ing, and letting them slowly get used to the idea. There had to be someway.

I reached for the cigarette, stuck it in my mouth and lit a match.

I saw the flame.

I stared at it for a moment. Something was wrong. I lit the cigarette. I could see it's glowing end. Something was very wrong. And while I sat there, holding the cigarette and looking at it, and trying to straighten everything out in my mind, I heard footsteps and I saw the faint gleam of a flashlight.

"Sitting all alone in the dark?" my husband said cheerfully. "I'll rustle up some candles. The storm must have put the lights out all over this end of town."

I put out my cigarette very carefully. "Don't bother," I told him. "I was just going back to bed." I smiled at him. "*I'll see you in the morning.*"

The sequel? It was a very long time before my remaining eye did begin to respond to treatment, and a still longer one before the danger was past. It may all happen sometime in the future.

But the next day I stopped all my lessons in getting around, all my frantic attempts at adjustment and all the rest of it. What I needed would come if and when needed.

Meanwhile, since that night, the lights have never been left burning until daylight came. I have never again been afraid to go to sleep in the dark.



## **RUSSIA'S BATTLE FOR BREAD**

**Dr. A. Zagolo**

**I**N SPITE of its self-advertised industrialization, Russia remains today a basically agricultural and peasant country. Nearly four decades after its collectivization, some 113,200,000 people out of a total population of 200,200,000—57 percent—are employed in agricultural pursuits.

Compare this with U.S. statistics: in 1830, just before the advent of mechanization in farming implements, approximately 80 percent of our population was composed of farmers. Today, with a population that has increased twelve-fold, a mere 8,035,000 farm hands supply America with the world's richest diet—and enough surplus to permit the export of nearly half its grain crop.

The currently popular theory that the downfall of Communism in Russia will result from a Calico Dog-Cheshire Cat power struggle within its higher ranks fails to con-

sider an inescapable fact: that no matter where the upheaval is touched off, its eventual success or failure will depend ultimately on active or passive acceptance or rejection by the majority of the country's population.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the Achilles heel of Soviet power lies in the quarter-century of smoldering discord between its government and its immense peasantry. The initial split created by Stalin's industrialization and collectivization has been widened tremendously by recent policies of Khrushchev and Bulganin. While hypocritically pretending a return to the principles of Lenin, they have been issuing a second edition, minutely revised, of Stalin's line.

This worsening of the relationship between peasantry and power is full of dire implications for Russia's entire national economy. Three measures adopted by the

government during the post-Stalin era can assume full credit for the present powder-keg condition:

The first measure, put into effect in 1953, has already been completed. This was the incredible transformation of 75,000,000 acres of arid and sterile soil—comprised of the steppes of northern Kazakhstan, the Altai region, and the southern lowlands of the Urals—into cultivated land.

**I**N ORDER to use this dead land (equal to more than one quarter of Russia's formerly cultivated area) it was necessary to import a vast army of farm hands. Who were they, and where did they come from?

The government has remained tight-lipped concerning the true sources. "Officially," we know only that some 200,000 young Communists and Communist Youth Leaguers "volunteered" for the job. But an analysis of subsequent events permits the conclusion that an additional enormous labor force was recruited from among former imprisoned citizens of Russia.

Among this group were peasants deported from all parts of Russia during the liquidation of the Kulaks and the purging of class enemies from collective farms. Also included were Caucasians (Chechen, Ingush, Karachai, Salkar, etc.); Don and Astrakhan Kalmucks, Crimean Tartars deported in 1944; Germans of the Volga region de-

ported in 1941; and deportees from the Baltic and satellite countries.

This persecuted multitude was joined by other millions "freed" from concentration camps by "amnesty."

Perhaps the most important facet of this mass bunching of "enemies of the government" lies in the fact that they were and are managed by thousands of untested Communists and Communist Youth Leaguers. The area that they control stretches from the Altai Mountains to the Caspian Sea—a dead land that had been long abandoned by even Mongol nomads. Now it contains a state within a state—a "Concentration-camp State."

In view of this mass raiding of concentration camps scattered across Russia, the May 13 revelation from Moscow of a decision to close all such camps within the next year and a half should have come as no surprise.

But the knife in the hands of the successors of Stalin cuts both ways. In preparing for World War III by methods borrowed from their now down-graded dictator, they are creating at the same time a focus of resistance of enormously potential explosive force.

The tattered remnants of the peasant revolt of the thirties, previously dispersed throughout the land, have now been gathered into one compact mass. In this long dead land, seed other than corn is being sown—seed of a new strug-

gle for liberation from the Communist yoke. The winds of revolt, now passing like a whisper across the land, will be steadily intensified by drought and crop failure, so that one day they will fan the coals of anti-Communism into a holocaust of rebellion.

The second measure of the post-Stalin collective leadership was a decision to multiply the production of corn. A resolution of the plenum of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party in January 1955, announced that the area should be increased (by 1960) to 70,000,000 acres—an eight-fold increase over the year 1953.

ALL SOVIET leaders have individual manias in their "battle for bread." For Stalin, who was brought up on trans-Caucasian corn and hominy, this mania took the form of wheat—a new toy to him. He introduced a system of obligatory wheat planting in all collective farms of the northern non-wheat areas of the country, basing his decision on the dubious experiment of the agricultural "expert," Lysenko. This mad scientist told his master that he would develop a hybrid wheat which could be used at the North Pole!

For more than two decades the peasants of Northern Russia were forced to devote a considerable portion of their fields to the planting of wheat—wheat that invariably failed to produce a harvest.

During the winter of 1936-37, this writer was living among the collective farmers of the Dmitriev District of Moscow province. He heard from them the bitterest of complaints—not so much concerning their collective-farm bondage as of the senseless demand that they devote a large part of their land to a crop which simply refused to grow. In them one could feel the centuries-old instinctive attachment for their land.

Last year, it seemed that attention was going to be paid the muttering Russian peasant. Khrushchev & Co. decided to cancel the practice of obligatory wheat planting. But the hope that this decision generated was short-lived. For what did they decide to plant in its place? Corn. Corn *all over Russia!*

Since Khrushchev was reared in the wheat-growing Ukraine, corn to him was an exotic cereal. His heated imagination, prodded by the careerist calculation of his farm adviser, V. Matskevich, saw in corn the simultaneous solution of both the grain problem and the problem of cattle feed.

Corn admittedly provides a high yield and is an excellent source of fodder—where climate and soil are favorable. But the practice of its *overall* cultivation is a greater absurdity than even Stalin's wheat order. Besides its economic unjustifiability in regions not suitable for its cultivation, corn involves a



much greater loss of work than wheat. In northern areas, raising wheat demanded of the peasant only plowing and planting—there were no harvests. But corn requires harrowing and weeding—both time-consuming processes. Collective farms are simply unable to cope with these additional tasks.

In this senseless cultivation of corn on land where it never grew and never will grow lies the second source of serious deterioration of relations between the peasantry and Soviet rule.

The third and most recent measure will lead to a still greater deterioration: this is a decree, published March 10, 1956, which calls for a radical curtailment of the peasant's private plot of farm land. This abolishes his last refuge, completely breaking his hold on the land.

In 1950-51, Khrushchev advanced a policy for enlarging collective farms and introducing "agro-cities." This attempt to liquidate peasantry as a class and convert it into an agricultural proletariat was a dismal flop. Now Khrushchev and his bully boys are trying to achieve the same effect by depriving the peasant of his tiny private plot.

This attempt can have but one result: a mass exodus from villages to industrial centers. Such an exodus has occurred before, but only in scattered cases—and principally by the most capable members of

peasant families. Old men, women, and children, and other less able-bodied persons, have preferred to remain in villages. With their tiny private plots, they were always able to make ends meet some way or other.

THE CATASTROPHIC consequences of this decree cannot be exaggerated. It will inevitably result in a mass departure from villages, an increasing lack of workers on collective farms, a sharp fall in agricultural production (with a rebound production crisis in other branches of the economy), an excess population in cities, unemployment, hunger and . . . rebellion.

A revival of the events of 1930 can be expected, events that saw the peasant slaughter his own cattle to express his hatred, accompanied by uprisings and attacks on local Soviet administrations.

Supported by the Army and its punitive organs, the central government was able at that time to suppress and drown in blood this movement of an oppressed population. Taking advantage of the indifference of the outside world and a lack of unity on the part of the rebels, they were able not only to suppress the uprisings, but to take a terrible toll in reprisals.

Can they triumph again in the coming conflict? Only time—and *the political wisdom and statesmanship of the Free World*—can give that answer.



# MAGIC

## TAYLOR MADE

by James F. Scheer

WITHIN less than ten years, a former high school teacher, Merv Taylor, of North Hollywood, has become the world's largest producer of tricks and gadgets for professional magicians.

There seems to be an element of actual magic in his rapid rise when one considers that he entered this field as a complete novice and is now making illusions for such headliners as John Calvert, Dante, Virgil, Orson Welles, Chester Morris, Richard Himber, "Think-a-Drink" Hoffman, and Blackstone, as well as for parlor abracadabra artists.

From early youth, a first-class inferiority complex hindered Taylor's becoming a magician. However, his biggest obstacle was outside himself: the glib, silken-caped showmen who refused to let him in on guarded secrets of their trade. His stumbling blocks eventually turned into stepping stones.

After 15 years of every-day teaching—and an equal amount of night

school, learning pencil-sketching, color, design, leather-tooling, woodwork, machine work and forging—Merv Taylor had all but given up any notions about a career in magic. One afternoon while instructing his high school sheet metal class, he was interrupted by a request to fix a broken "Production Box,"—a magic apparatus for the dramatic club's play. A professional magician, helping students stage their show, was impressed by Taylor's efficient diagnosis and repair work. He asked the teacher to overhaul some of the trade props in his home. Taylor dissected the magic illusions and put them together again. He began to see how they operated—and better—to get new ideas.

Always a perfectionist, he was surprised at the inferior workmanship and materials in the tricks then marketed. They were tinny, fragile and crudely made. Magicians were constantly complaining about rusting funnels. Taylor

shaped his original ideas into the reality of illusions made from fine hardwood, plastics or stainless steel.

Nights, weekends and holidays found him in his small garage, giving creative rein to his imagination. Word got around in magicians' circles. Here was a man with quality products, clean of design and bright and eye-catching enough for good showmanship.

He soon worked out his own variation on the Razor Blade Illusion. This is a compact device by which a magician can appear to swallow eight sharp razor blades strung on a length of black thread. He mailed 25 of these illusions to dealers throughout the country. Repeat orders were 100 percent.

SOON there was no room in the garage workshop for the family car. Then magic began pushing the Taylors out of their home. Taylor had been able to wangle a special manufacturer's license but, because of zoning restrictions, could not get one for wholesale and retail selling. This led to his finding a good building site. He then quit his teaching job.

"Talk about starting on a shoe-string," he says. "We sold the equity in two houses, raised all the money we had—and some we didn't have—to build our modern 3200 square foot plant in North Hollywood."

Every dollar above bare living expenses went back into the business, for paying loans, for buying

additional machinery, for expansion. In his clean, airy, magic plant—the only one in the world equipped for spinning, welding, silver-soldering, glasswork (including sawing) plastic-molding, machining, woodworking, and rubber-molding—Merv Taylor now turns out illusions that have won cups and other awards at many magicians' conventions. More than 30 of these are being sold to professional performers and novelty wholesalers and retailers in almost every habitable country on earth.

There's a dazzling array of tricks in his inventory. There's the glistering, stainless steel "Empty" funnel that conceals 11 ounces of liquid; the tiny gleaming Por-Mor pitcher that amazes spectators by containing enough liquid to fill a huge, 22-ounce Malt Glass that "disappears" while someone at the opposite end of the stage sucks on a straw; there's the Magic Paddle, a short flat piece of wood that has appearing and disappearing print; and Orbs Eternal, solid stainless steel rings that magically link and unlink; the Sur-Fire-Bowl, which produces fire on demand; the guillotine, or arm-chopper, as well as many others. Most of these illusions are original developments from the five or six basic tricks known since the beginning of magic.

Taylor, often assisted by his lovely daughter, Lorita, takes special pride in presenting his latest crea-

tions in magic performances for clubs, professional groups, and GIs. One of these, the "Production Bird Cage," is said to be the sensation of the last 20 years. From inside a handkerchief, a big glistening round cage, complete with full-size, realistic canary on a swing, emerges.

ALTHOUGH he rarely uses magic props that aren't turned out in his plant, Merv Taylor did on one occasion—to his regret. His audience was particularly icy that night. At the height of his act, the illusion failed to produce what he had promised spectators. Embarrassed and shifting from one foot to the other, he looked with a dead pan at the prop, then slowly shook his head, saying—"Funny. The darned thing worked fine at home."

There was no more audience trouble.

The need to adjust to the unexpected as a magician has helped Taylor overcome much of his natural diffidence—as well as giving him added grey hairs. Once when he was scheduled to appear in a large theater, the dove he was to use escaped shortly before he went on stage. He had to substitute a guinea hen at the last moment.

Unused to being produced from a hat, the guinea hen was frightened. The customary act was to place the bird on his shoulder and go on with his patter from there. However, the spectators' thunder-

ous applause terrified the bird and she took off over the spectators.

This experience plus what happened to his wife, Della, at the last Pacific Coast Association of Magicians' convention in Portland, Oregon, has taught Taylor and the rest of his magic-minded family—Lorita, in her early twenties, and Richard, a boy in his teens—to stick with Taylor-made props.

One of the convention magicians jokingly slipped a pair of handcuffs on Taylor and Della. When the laughs began to wear off, they found themselves solidly hitched. All the magic of the Pacific Coast Magicians couldn't part the two. And there wasn't a key in sight. It was rather humiliating for the presto-change-o artists (plainly labeled with convention badges) to get a police locksmith to perform the magic.

Understanding the embarrassment possibilities of poorly-made props, Merv Taylor guarantees that every illusion turned out by him works perfectly. The same careful workmanship goes into production of a \$1 prop as into the more costly ones. Prices range anywhere from that minimum to \$1,000 for a prop made exclusively for an artist. Perhaps the most expensive illusion that Taylor and his nine full-time employees have turned out is the "Floating Lady" (a figure which moves about the stage as though on air). This illusion is tagged at almost \$4,000. It is absolutely nec-

essary to maintain strict secrecy as to construction details of exclusive jobs such as this. For as soon as a trick is duplicated, its value diminishes.

TAYLOR has produced many costly illusions but his favorite is the \$750 Full-Empty Glass, which has won a cabinet full of awards at magic conventions on the 15,000 mile yearly tour made by Taylor and his wife. The Full-Empty Glass contains milk or wine and, in less than a flash, can bring forth liquid or "vanish" it. Although this illusion pays big returns now, it gave Taylor nothing but headaches in the designing stage.

His method of planning and working out tricks and gadgets is to think of all possibilities and obstacles to an idea. He talks everything over with wife and shop workers then lets his subconscious mind take it from there. His problem with the Full-Empty Glass was finding fluids that would remain

contained in the base of the glass without deteriorating. Real milk or wine wouldn't work. He needed something resembling them—something that wouldn't get old or "craze" the glass. For three months he pondered the problem.

Because the Taylors eat, sleep, and live magic, it isn't unusual that Della wakes from a sound slumber at 3 A.M. to see her husband sketching on the Kleenex box or heading for the shop while dressing on the run. That is exactly what happened when Taylor struck upon proper liquids for the Full-Empty Glass.

The business that began as a one-man project in a small garage now employs nine full-time workers and is the world's largest enterprise of its kind. There's little wonder that almost every object in Merv Taylor's plant and household verifies the family's total absorption with magic. Even their tiny Pomeranian-Peke dog is named Trixie!

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### *Eden on World Government*

The cat was let out of the bag when the British Prime Minister Anthony Eden, weak stooge of the Internationalists, declared on November 17, 1956 "That the *United Nations* had failed to become what it was intended to be, *the beginning of a world government based on collective security.*"

# ROBOT

## of the Deep

by Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg

**T**ODAY there is more gold and silver lying on the sea's floor than there is in the combined treasures of all the nations of the world. The shattered hulks of ancient argosies stretch like a golden chain down the Atlantic and up the coasts of Africa and Europe, along the Pacific coasts of the two Americas, across to Asia and down to Oceania.

For decades, adventurous men have striven with ingenuity and courage to bring to the surface these great caches. Millions of dollars have been retrieved by various methods from hundreds of wrecks located in less than 50 fathoms—300 feet—of water. But the really valuable objectives remain far deeper. Divers cannot, in safety, work below this level. But recently, a new and ultra-modern deep sea diving robot has been devised, with which many deeply sunken fortunes may be retrieved safely.

Devised to be driven directly into the sea from beach level under its own power, or else dropped into the deeper depths of the ocean from a salvage vessel, it might be classed as a huge underwater army tank. Electrically driven motors operating from sealed chambers will move it over rocky slopes and pinacles of the ocean floor at five to eight miles per hour.

It is equipped with five gigantic cranes that project to any desired length for various underseas work. Each is hydraulically operated. At their ends are grips, claws, fingers and nippers, so sensitively adjusted that a coin the size of a half-dollar may be picked up from the ocean floor, so powerful that a section of heavy planking can be torn from its fastenings with astonishing ability, so highly perfected that they can tie ropes and steel cables even under the terrific pressure of extreme depths. These ends are de-

tachable and interchangeable, and may be removed from the arms and replaced by a dozen different special instruments for varying types of undersea operations.

Where oceanic explorations are to be made some distance from shore, the tractor-tank will be carried aboard the salvage vessel to the selected location and released from its lowering cables. The new device has been designed to work in depths of 2,000 feet or more where the diving suit and its equipment are useless. The tractor-tank robot may be hoisted without decompression stops, for it is self-contained. It carries its own oxygen in tanks, thus eliminating the usual air lines. In the case of an emergency such as engine failure, air tanks will blow the tractor-tank's 25-tons of weight to the surface.

For breathing, oxygen is supplied to three operators from a tank inside the control chamber. There is an absorbing cell to eliminate carbon dioxide. Thus, unlike the standard diving dress now used by most commercial and naval establishments, there is no danger of a leak releasing precious air and leaving the operators to suffocate before they can be drawn to the surface.

WITH this device, salvaging for treasure will become a more enticing field offering rewards larger, more tempting and far more

certain than any of those which inspired or were even dreamed of by the underwater diver of the past!

But let us climb aboard a salvage vessel, sail out a ways into the sea and witness, in imagination, an actual descent to the bottom of the ocean within this steel man!

This strange contrivance, being new, is unfamiliar to you; the other equipment of an expedition of this sort, however, needs no description. The first thing that your eyes will notice is the gigantic steel monster, a cumbersome and weird-appearing "*Frankenstein*," lashed securely against the bulwarks. . . . It is a huge "tractor-tank" robot or, as some might dub it, the "mechanical lobster"—in appearance much like some strange invention of the future that one reads about in science-fiction tales, and created for the purpose of some fantastic venture into the *Unknown*.

It has sort of a swivel-dome for its head, below which a tier of strange, lidless eyes seem to regard you balefully—like something brought to earth from Mars and dropped from a flying saucer.

Behind it you see the motor winches and drums of the salvage craft which control reeling out or in the inch-and-a-half steel cable by which the cumbersome robot is lowered or raised from the sea. The huge device hangs from the end of a heavy boom—a kind of

enlarged fishing pole, if you like—which runs the cable affixed to the robot's dome.

Now comes that suppressed excitement that grips men when treasure in untold amounts is at stake—the members of the salvage crew gather about the deck and the craft drifts slowly with the surface tide. The electrician stands near to aid the three divers, while his assistants fuss with the various gadgets that stud the huge robot's inner walls; the captain of the vessel is at the wheel, and several seamen unleash the device from its brackets. The engineer, who is to handle the winches and drums, thrusts a begrimed face from out the door of the engine-room as he awaits the signal to start his engines.

THE THREE DIVERS are now ready, calm, methodical; their faces strangely pale it seems. They wear old woolen sweaters, caps, heavy socks and moccasins, for it is quite cold at these deeper depths encased in a steel gadget such as this bizarre device. Then one of the divers gives a signal . . .

Suddenly the winches groan, the drums turn, and the huge robot is lifted clear of the vessel's deck by a few inches. The divers crawl into the rear trap entrance. Swiftly the watertight trap is closed, locked and bolted down. The electrician now gives the next signal. Then the weird, ungainly steel man swings a moment, the boom lifts and

twisting and turning slightly, the device swings up, over the side of the vessel's deck—and down into sea!

There ensues an odd quiet on board the salvage craft. Presently the electrician begins to talk into the telephone, the other end of which is beside one of the diver's ears in the robot's head, with the earphones attached to his head by snap-bands. Over this telephone, through every movement of the tractor-tank's trip, the diver is in constant touch with the electrician: and his voice comes back clear and quiet as though he were sitting down to dinner beside you. The diver's voice is always like that, calm, quiet and without a flutter, for danger to a robot-diver who penetrates the deeper depths of the sea is something with which he has made his peace forever. It is his calling!

You listen to the electrician, and you have no trouble whatever knowing just what is happening to the three men in the robot below at the end of the inch-and-a-half steel cable. He keeps informing the divers just how far down they are at all times. There is only one thing about which the robot-diver is even slightly apprehensive, and that is, as he goes deeper and deeper into the strange and heretofore untrodden currents and depths, he may some day be caught and so twisted about that the fish-line cable that supports the mass



of steel in which he is encased may be snapped in two. True, he could live in his locked tomb as it lay on the bottom for some ten or more hours cableless, as this visit lasted—but how would they find him? You think of all these dangers as you listen to the crisp voice of the electrician, while the three divers below in their suit of metal prowls about the sea floor. But the safety equipment in this device is equipped to eliminate this danger.

Below, in the steel vault, the divers are fascinated by their view through the robot's lidless eyes: walls of rock that rise before them as sheerly and as suddenly as a mountain cliff, walls of mud, soft and oozy and dangerously enveloping, banks of quicksand which trip tensely at the armored robot's traction treads with caressing, deceptive hands. Too, weird denizens of the deep: dazzling blue parrotfish, butterfly and four-eyed fish, gaudy, graceful angle fish, marble grouper, vermilion squirrel fish and scarlet snappers, cruel-jawed barracuda, great gray wall-eyed tiger sharks and that giant octopi with their eight long hideous, slimy, repulsive and nauseating tentacles—all unheeding the strange misshapen being invading their domain, the monster tractor-tank robot.

FASCINATING too are the marvelous colors of the living coral: orange, green, yellow, crimson,

mauve, scarlet, brown, black and fawn; and endless in their variety of shape and form; some are dome-shaped, others resemble giant mushrooms, some with unnumbered branches and arms that form veritable jungles, like gnarled forests within the Everglades; and everywhere among them are the waving purple and black sea-plumes, the orange or golden sea-fans, each more striking in color than the coral itself. They are scenes which but few human eyes have ever gazed upon.

Even so, as the steel robot rolls slowly—sickeningly to you seeing it for the first time—the divers within adjust the great claws to an old galleon-hulk or wreck of some foundered ship, and haul away, tearing a plank off and peering at it in the piercing light beams from the robot's powerful searchlights which are attached to the head and toggle-jointed arms.

But presently the diver speaks into the telephone and tells the electrician he is under the keel of the salvage vessel and ready to be hauled up; he has been down some time now and made his observations. The winches and drums turn in reverse, and, just as you might reel your fishing line when fishing in your favorite stream, the robot is slowly hauled up to the surface. The boom lifts at last and the huge, wall-eyed tractor-tank robot rises from the water. Swiftly and efficiently the crew swings it into

its brackets against the bulwarks again and brace it, unlock and open the trap and speak to the three divers within. They crawl out, stand erect and show no more emotion than might be expected from a man who has just stepped from out a modern elevator.

Weird picture, isn't it? Yet it is not a page from Jules Verne's "*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*."

It is merely the daily experience of divers who will be operating this startling tractor-tank steel man along the ocean's floor!

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### *Our Guilt in the Hungary Tragedy*

The murder of freedom in Hungary by the Russian armed forces, which has shocked the conscience of the world, had its fatal origin in the shameful decisions which were made by President Roosevelt at Teheran and Yalta, and by President Truman at Potsdam. It was then that an unprotesting United States consented to the brutal setting up of the Iron Curtain. For eleven years, the Hungarian people endured and suffered in the belief that there would be an ultimate deliverance day. When they finally rose heroically, the United States, under Eisenhower, again failed them.

The roots of the recent tragedy go back to Yalta when Franklin D. Roosevelt agreed with Stalin and Churchill that the Atlantic Charter, pledging the self-determination of peoples, was only a scrap of paper.

At this shameful conference, Roosevelt also sealed the fate of Poland. In a personal letter to Stalin, on February 5, 1945, revealed ten years later, upon publication of the Yalta papers (p. 629), Roosevelt said:

"I hope I do not have to assure you that the United States will never lend its support in any way to any provisional government in Poland that would be inimical to your interests."

This was the personal declaration from Roosevelt which finally submerged poor, war-weary Poland in the cauldron of godless Communist slavery. The great people of Poland are now trying to free themselves of these Yalta-imposed chains.

The dismemberment of Germany likewise was proposed first by Roosevelt. His "advisers" were, of course, responsible. The secret minutes of the second plenary session at Yalta, on February 5, 1945, dealt chiefly with the problem of post-war Germany. On page 541 appears his declaration that he was "in favor of the dismemberment of Germany," even into five or seven separate states.

# Do You Know?

» The French Government is trying to hang on to African territory six times the size of France.

» One of the greatest hoaxes ever perpetrated upon the people of any nation is the belief built up in the minds of our citizens that "our money is safe because of the gold reserves in Fort Knox." With this as a propaganda screen we have been led into the greatest inflationary and debt binge in our history.

» In the Senate report of the Jenner Committee on "Subversives in the Government," there are listed 18 important Departments or Internal bodies of which Harry Dexter White (this was not his real name) was either the director or the Treasury representative.

» From secret records we now know that about 1940, as our gold mines were closed here, the Soviets were supplied, under Lend-Lease, with quantities of gold mining equipment and materials throughout the war, under higher priorities than our country had for some of its vital defense purposes. Also that at the close of the war there were unfilled Soviet orders for all types of this equipment which would have taxed the capacity of our factories for five years.

» That, eventually, any nation founded on compound interest and money-lending is due for bankruptcy.

» By latest count, there are 1,984 foreign agreements made by our Executive, but the American people have no way of knowing what they contain. All of the thousands of promises surely cannot be kept.

» The Gaza Strip is five miles wide and 50 miles long. It contains 200,000 impoverished Arab refugees from Israel and 100,000 natives.

» Two-thirds of Russia's sizeable submarine fleet is now in the Pacific.

» Germany was prostrate after her unconditional surrender at the end of World War II. At that time, the United States put pressure on her to give \$830,000,000 to Israel. Of course, the United States had to supply the funds which Germany turned over to Israel.

» While Great Britain prepares to desert her naval and air force bases in Ceylon, the Soviet Union prepares to use the island as a base for waging its propaganda war against the non-Communist world. The Ceylon Government has decided to allow Russia to broadcast from an American-equipped radio station at present used by the "Voice of America". Here is the International Popular Front revealing itself in its true colors.

» The Kaganovitch gang runs Russia. They have been roaring with laughter that their clenched fist in a velvet glove was shaken by stooge Eden. It is the paw of destruction.

» All of the oil fields in the Middle East will be nationalized.

» Those "within" are directing the U. S. policy to bring about an equal exchange of currency with all other countries. That permits countries with worthless currency to exchange theirs for ours.

» Whenever the chips are down, Tito either votes with the Soviet Union or abstains from voting. His representatives have never sided with America against the Soviet Union.

» Samuel Brofman has been called the uncrowned king of Canada. He is said to have great influence over Prime Minister Pearson.

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### ***Popov and the Canadian Government***

The Canadian Government made every effort to hush up the matter. "I'm the one responsible for no publicity in the Popov case," said Mr. St. Laurent. The zeal with which Canadian Prime Ministers endeavour to cover up the espionage activities of the Soviet Union is, to say the least, peculiar. One remembers how Igor Gouzenko, whose information burst open several international spy-rings, was told by the late Mr. Mackenzie King to betake himself, and the incriminating documents which he brought, back to the Russian Embassy. There has long been reason to believe that key members of Canadian Governments tend to be regarded by Moscow as its curly-headed boys.

A disturbing feature of the Popov affair is that Mr. Staples, who reported Popov's activities to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, has been dismissed from his employment and blacklisted by the Civil Service. What is the explanation? Canada gave a highly-paid confidential job to the atomic scientist Leopold Infeld, and when he expressed a desire to go to Poland, Mr. Lester Pearson, the Minister for External Affairs, in spite of widespread criticism, hastened to grant him a visa. Once back in Poland Infeld wrote an ironic letter to his previous hosts saying that research facilities in Warsaw were so admirable that he proposed to stay. Yet Staples, who remained true to his allegiance, had been dismissed and humiliated. It is all rather mysterious.



## BE SICK THE NEW WAY

by Marjorie Schell

**I**N THIS DAY of psychosomatic medicine, everyone owes it to himself to have the pleasure of a good functional illness. If you can't get to Florida for a vacation in February, a good case of flu in Duluth or New York will yield undreamed of delights.

You should be sick enough to need a doctor. If you can manage to go to the hospital, so much the better. Without the trappings of the medical profession, you cannot get the full flavor of today's medicine.

A new era has dawned for the patient—things are different. My illness last winter proved that the patient never had it so good.

One night after dinner, my head felt hot. My hands were cold. The span in between was shivering. Reluctantly I took my temperature. One-oh-two. Annoyed, I took to my bed.

Two days and ten pitchers of water later, worse instead of better, we decided to call the doctor.

In the old days, the family doctor was a jovial autocrat, who

treated his patients like children. It was "Drink this—Do that," and no explanations. He sometimes confided to the family what was wrong, but never to the patient. I felt towards doctors the way I felt towards exterminator men.

That was before I met Dr. Graves. I really got something from him. I was considered an important person. My bodily symptoms were no longer observed in an isolated fashion. My family and social problems were of equal interest. What I said, thought and felt were important clues to the course of the disease. My psycho became the star of the show. Gracious and reassuring, he went down as easily as mineral oil. Although heavy and ruddy-faced, he was not the stolid type. There was an alertness in his eye which showed that no one would catch him with an old-fashioned "Drink this—Do that!"

After a nice handshake, he inquired, "How do you feel?" This personalized approach was almost too much for me. I wanted to tell him the story of my life.

"I feel awful," I said. "I'm not sure I'm even here."

Dr. Graves smiled understandingly. He pulled out a little notebook. "How is your general health?" he asked.

"Very good," I answered. "I'm getting stronger as the years go by. Oh! My head".

"What is your usual state of mind? Are you easily worried?"

"Only when I have a problem. I have several."

I hoped he'd ask me to tell him about them, but, instead he asked questions concerning my parents, my brothers and sisters, my husband and my children.

Now," he said, feeling he'd made a good start on my background, "may I listen to your chest?"

He took out his stethoscope and listened attentively several places. His expression saddened.

"Will you pant like a dog now, please?" he asked softly.

I panted happily. I thought of our dog, Benjamin Franklin. He never panted, even when running after a car. His wind and condition must be unusual.

"That will do now," he said.

I gave up panting, thinking what wonderful things the medical profession did today. Our old doctor never asked me to do anything more interesting than say, ah.

I was stimulated by my performance. Dr. Graves gave you a feel-

ing of accomplishment. I was a member of a team and Dr. Graves was my Captain. Together we could do anything.

When he said it would be a good idea for me to go to the hospital, so clever was he I didn't hear it for a minute. Me go to the hospital?

"We'd like to do some laboratory tests so we can see exactly what this bug is, then treat it with the most effective drug," Dr. Graves explained mildly. One sensed no reasonable person would fly in the face of this approach. Lab tests would mean only a day or two.

Reluctantly I got out of bed and was driven to the hospital, land of tourniquets, sponges and mouth gags. But hospital life was not as I'd remembered it. Some new-fangled ideas on human relations had reached the nursing profession as well as the medical profession.

In that first hour, seven people came to minister to my wants. The dietician came first with a menu of food to be checked that read like the fare aboard a luxury liner. Then came the newspaper and cigar lady, all cheery and chatty. The head floor nurse just popped in to see if my ego was being properly nurtured. The fresh-pitcher-of-water-lady — I was amazed to see the amount of specialization that had taken place—darted in and out. The resident intern came to be sure that I wouldn't leave this world without having signed the guest book. He

gave a quick chest examination as a bonus.

I stretched out dreamily. I was not used to this attention. A nurse glided into the room. This serene young thing was in perfect equilibrium with her world.

She smiled, and I could see she was starting to get interested in my background.

"Soon you'll be back with your family again," she said. There she was, broaching the subject of my family. Then she'd be on to my grandparents, did they live in a single or multiple dwelling, and what was the character of the town they lived in. Ah, well, it was all in the interest of the patient.

After four days, Dr. Graves prevailed on me to stay a few days more so that he could watch my reaction to the drugs. I recognized a good thing when I saw it. It was never like this in days gone by. The nurses winged in and out of my room all day long in procession that would have done credit to the army. I had the feeling they regulated the universe, letting in the dawn each morning by raising the window shade, to shutting out the dusk at night lowering it. Not often does man find himself in the

orbit of a celestial system. I settled into the routine.

BESIDES, down the hall, in the solarium, I'd discovered an intoxicating life. There, in the new spirit of friendliness, men and women—encouragingly called ambulatory patients—mingled in pajama and bathrobe informality. I fell in with the idea wholeheartedly. Where else could you mingle socially with such ease—without, in fact, even bothering to get dressed? At these socials of the solarium, the ice was broken fast. After the confinement of your room, you didn't bother to know someone well before you told him about your operation. You had to fight to get a word in edgewise.

The group that gathered there every afternoon was illumined by Mr. Katz.

"This has cost me four thousand dollars. But it was worth every penny. I'm happy here."

I looked at him in complete understanding. Life had taken on new meaning for both of us.

Don't bother to come and see me. We have a glorious new world up here where the patient is king and I don't want *any* interruptions.

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Whenever a civilization has gone down, it has always been because the people have persuaded themselves that there is plenty of time.  
—The Bishop of Southwell: quoted in *Strand Magazine*, March, 1945



# *Money Made Mysterious . . .*

By PAUL STEVENS

» In three previous issues of AMERICAN MERCURY, we have published a series of articles summarizing the historical background of money and those who manipulate it. Now we would like to present:

## *PART IV*

### *Some Truths About Printing Press Money*

THE SOUNDEST possible money is printing press money. However, this is true only if it has no intrinsic value in itself, and its creation and quantity is restricted to a constant per capita population figure, based on production, controlled by the people themselves and paid directly into circulation through their government.

For many years the American Colonies in Philadelphia had this kind of money. They prospered as no people had ever prospered in the history of the world. Issuing their own money, carefully limiting its issue to the production needs in each separate community and charging no interest on the issued money, the Colonies were wealthy and happy. The private bankers of England determined to "get on the

gravy train", by forbidding the Colonists the use of their own printing press money and by forcing them to use, instead, the internationalists' Bank of England *interest-bearing* money.

The following period of "taxation without representation" brought on the War of Independence. Following the ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, Haym Salomon and Alexander Hamilton succeeded in creating a private "Bank of the United States," modelled after the privately-owned Bank of England and the money slavery began all over again. There were intermittent periods of "money freedom" after that, the most notable being President Andrew Jackson's reign. But creation of the Federal Reserve Banking



System on December 23, 1913 led to the complete and total enslavement of the American Economy. It prepared us for the "planned" New Deal Era.

### *Our Two Kinds Of "Money"*

Disregarding our metal coins which are required to "make change," America has two kinds of "money." About five percent of our "money" is actual private banker printing press money. It's the "green stuff" you carry in your wallet or purse. Properly regulated in a constant ratio to the nation's total population and production, and issued into circulation free by our government, it would be sound money.

THE AMOUNT of money is now dictated by the Federal Reserve System, a private corporation. When it feels that more money is needed, it agrees to buy interest-bearing government bonds to cover the amount of money required. The government (that means us) pays interest on those bonds.

The Federal Reserve Bankers deposit five percent of the value of those bonds with the U.S. Treasury and give Uncle Sam a paper "promise to pay" for the balance. It pays the printing bill for the new money (less than one cent per bill). The interest we pay on these government bonds (presently nearly seven thousand million dollars per year) more than makes up the five

percent of face value which the private bankers must deposit with the U.S. Treasury when "buying" the bonds. So, the bankers come out better than "even" on the transaction and have these crisp, new government guaranteed bills which they put into circulation through their own private banking system.

Had the United States Government itself put the money into circulation directly, instead of through the Federal Reserve System, there would be no interest-bearing bonds and no public debt on which we must pay nearly seven thousand million dollars a year on interest alone.

As an example, the \$450,000,000 in greenbacks which Lincoln issued for that purpose, and which are still in existence and in circulation in spite of the repeated efforts that have been made by the money bund to get rid of them. According to reliable figures introduced on the floor of Congress by Senator Patten, this act of Lincoln's already has saved the American people in excess of *thirty thousand million of dollars* in interest and carrying charges alone.

From the above it can be easily understood what a tremendous advantage would accrue to those in control of this money issuing machinery, if they could also secure control of the borrowing done by others.

In later issues we will report on the report on the extent to which

this control is vested in these bankers.

After the Federal Reserve Banks get these new bills, they "loan" them to corporate or individual borrowers at bank interest rates. From there on the manipulations become fantastic.

We quote—"Before the invention of deposit (paper) money, gold and other metals were the accepted medium of exchange. Throughout much of the history of civilization it was necessary for persons transacting business to keep a supply of coin or bullion on hand. This

The Constitution of the United States provides that Congress alone has the right to coin money and issue currency. However, in 1913 the Federal Reserve System was established. Today, the Federal Reserve Banks unconstitutionally issue our currency. Ironically, these private banks, largely owned by international bankers, only pay the United States Government \$1.25 per \$1,000 for the currency they issue—which is, incidentally, guaranteed by the people of the United States. This \$1.25 is to cover the cost of paper, ink and the use of the government printing plant. In 1913 these privately owned Federal Reserve Banks had a capital of 147 million dollars. Today, without producing any commodity or natural resource, they have assets of over 45 thousand million dollars!

(\*See Encyclopedia Britanica for reference to events which led to the creation of this privately owned system of banks.)

*From The American Mercury, July, 1956*

Though this actual currency is the only real issued money of the nation, it comprises only five percent of the money we actually use in our national business. The other 95 percent of the "money" is banker-created "promises-to-pay."

### *How Bankers "Create" Money*

Lest we be accused of "spinning a yarn" on this subject, we take the liberty of quoting directly from a Report of the Committee on Economic Policy, United States Chamber of Commerce, published in 1951 and titled, "The Economics of the Money Supply," page 6:

was hazardous, as well as inconvenient; and in the later Middle Ages it became common for persons owning gold to deposit it with the local goldsmiths for safekeeping. The goldsmith gave the depositor a receipt for his gold.

IT WAS NOT LONG before the depositors found that it was unnecessary to draw out the gold each time they had a payment to make. It became customary for buyers and sellers to consider the gold receipts 'as good as gold', and the receipts became a primitive form of paper money.

"In time, the goldsmiths discovered that, normally, they might expect withdrawals of gold by the owners to amount to only a fraction of the total gold on deposit. It was possible for a goldsmith, then, to lend out a substantial proportion of the deposited gold, *which he did not own, but for which he could get interest*, keeping on hand enough gold 'reserve' to cover the demands that he might normally expect the owners of the gold to make on him.

"In this way a system of money based on fractional reserves came into being—that is, gold reserves amounting to only a fraction of the note issue based on them." (Factually, Nimrod's religious-bankers discovered this banker's secret in 2400 B.C.; and Nebuchadnezzar's "Gold Standard" was based on the secret in 600 B.C.; and the "magic reserve" was calculated at ten percent of the gold deposited. So the goldsmiths of the Middle Ages were not the first to learn about "fractional reserves." But we have no argument with the Chamber of Commerce Committee's version of the story, since it deals with "modern" banking practices.)

Modern bankers have substituted the checkbook for the "receipt of deposit" and "promise to pay"; a reserve is maintained in paper currency. Otherwise, the goldsmith formula still forms the basis of modern banking. Individual banks have set up "secondary" reserves

for their individual manipulations, since the privately owned Federal Reserve does not function as an operating reserve at all (though it was designed for that purpose and its failure in this respect condemns the entire Federal Reserve System).

But—keeping our story as simple as possible—let's see how bankers "create" money:—

Let us assume that our bank has total deposits of a million dollars, has kept the essential fractional reserve of ten percent of total deposits and has made use of ninety percent of the depositors' money to negotiate profitable interest-earning loans and investments. Keeping things in their simplest possible form, the bank's balance sheet would look like this:

|                       |       |                |
|-----------------------|-------|----------------|
| Total Deposits        | ..... | \$1,000,000.00 |
| Loans and Investments | ..... | 900,000.00     |
| Reserves              | ..... | 100,000.00     |

The required reserves must not sink below ten percent of total deposits; so the bank can make no more loans or investments until total deposits are increased. A "tight money" situation has been created.

At this point let us assume that the privately owned Federal Reserve Banks feel more money should be "created."

"Easy Money" can be brought about in a variety of ways. For one: the U.S. Treasury can be *persuaded* to *increase deposits* in the Member Banks by transferring government

deposits from Federal Reserve Banks over to the privately owned banks. Or the Federal Reserve Board can cut "Reserve Requirements" below the ten percent and may also cut the "Discount Rate" and thus make it more profitable for the member banks to increase their deposits by buying more investments or making more loans. The banks don't "invest" or "loan" real money at all. They simply credit the checking account of the borrower or the seller of the investments. No actual money is involved; the bankers simply "created" the increased amount of "deposits" by the stroke of a pen.

To be sure some slight increase in deposits in the banking system result from actual new deposits in one bank which do not represent a like withdrawal from some other bank. On the whole these additions are not of great volume in any single year, but it is interesting to observe the consequences of such a really "new" deposit of, say \$1,000 in a commercial bank. After the bank has set up the reserve, in this case ten percent, it either lends the other ninety percent (\$900) or invests it. In this transaction, in addition to the "real" new deposit of \$1,000, the bank has also increased its "deposits" by the \$900 which it has loaned or invested. So, after setting up a ten percent reserve against that \$900 increase, the bank has another \$810 to loan or invest.

IF THERE were any great quantity of "real money" in circulation outside of banks it would be interesting to imagine an exercise in the theoretical consequences of the impact on the economy of such currency now finding its way into deposits in banks. However, as facts now stand, the total of all deposits in all banks in the United States, plus currency in circulation outside of banks, is \$213 billion. Of that total \$186.7 billion represents the deposit liabilities of the banking system. The total loans and investments of the banking system are \$192.5 billion. So, if all indebtedness owing to the banking system were paid off by the debtors, the bank deposits would be cut to a theoretical figure of *minus* six billion dollars and obviously our banks would have to be judged insolvent.

We must get back to the great Constitutional provision that "*Congress alone shall have the right to coin and regulate the value of money.*"

Also, let it never be forgotten that the Christian and Moslem religions have prohibited the rental of money, (interest on money). It is now sometimes called "usury." For 1,500 years after Christ's ministry on earth, Christians abided by the Holy Writ and they were prohibited from money rental or interest lending. It was a sin. The Christian and Moslem doctrine concerning the wrong of money rental (sometimes called usury)

must come back to its own. *Interest bearing debt is a form of slavery.* Americans cannot happily live un-

der that slavery. We will publish more on this vital subject in future issues of MERCURY.

### ***"America Is Headed for the Pawnshop"***

Here are the official figures:

|                                                                                                                      |                      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Indebtedness of foreign governments to the United States arising from World War I loans .....                        | \$ 17,297,981,019.07 |
| Lend-lease aid rendered by United States—World War II .....                                                          | 42,020,779,261.00    |
| Foreign aid grants and credits rendered by the United States to foreign countries (July 1, 1945—June 30, 1955) ..... | 51,339,142,000.00    |
| United States advances to International Monetary Fund .....                                                          | 2,750,000,000.00     |
| United States advances to International Bank .....                                                                   | 635,000,000.00       |
| Study this total .....                                                                                               | \$114,042,902,280.07 |

*From The American Mercury, Aug., 1956*

### ***Our Military Equipment: Where Does It Go?***

On August 2, 1946, our War Assets Administration announced plans to sell 21,000 military aircraft, which cost us \$3,900,000,000, for a mere \$6,500,000—"as scrap or for other non-flight purposes." This constitutes a loss of 3 billion, 893 million, 500 thousand dollars.

In view of the fact that Britain, Israel and France have used—for their own purposes—the NATO military equipment, which the United States paid for and gave to them, it would seem appropriate for Congress to investigate the sales and transfer of military equipment to people within this country and to those in other countries.

# THE FIVE BASIC STEPS to COMMUNISM

By  
**DR. FRED SCHWARZ**

**T**HE COMMUNISTS are conquering the world by adhering to a carefully designed plan. It may be expressed simply as follows: conquer Asia, then Africa, then Western Europe, then America.

When the Communists conquered China, they realized a major ambition and took an enormous step toward the fulfillment of their goal. The Communist conquest of China is significant for two reasons. Firstly, it has tipped the world balance of power in favor of the Communist forces and secondly, it provides a model of the Communist technique of internal conquest.

The Communists conquered China in five clear steps: 1. The conquest of the student mind. 2. Students are identified with official Communist Party tasks. 3. Scientific exploitation of community

needs to advance the Party in popularity and power. 4. Revolution, war and conquest. 5. Scientifically imposed minority dictatorship and final slavery.

## *1. The Conquest of the Student Mind*

The paradox of history is that although Communism is offered as a cause for the lowly and the humble, its outstanding leaders have come almost invariably from the ranks of the privileged and the educated. Its strongest appeal, in every nation, has been to the middle-class student group, rather than to the wage-earners. With its milennial promise, the Marxian program has always had a peculiar fascination to young idealistic student minds. In reality, practically every major Communist world figure

started out as a young, student intellectual.

Why does Communism have such an appeal to the student? The reasons are many and include the following: They have been taught to hate Capitalism. Their education has been entirely materialistic. They are infatuated by the omnipotence of scientific technique. They are seduced by the promise that Communism, having conquered the world, will regenerate mankind. The Communists are making frightening progress with the students all over the world.

## *2. How Students Are Identified with Official Communist Party Tasks*

Once recruited into Communist Party membership, students and intellectuals are quickly shot up into executive or part-time roles. Because of their usually superior intellectual equipment they often reach the top levels of the party.

Many of them complacently accept the hierarchical set-up of the organization, with complete and unquestioned authority vested in the Central Committee and the Presidium, and then delegated down through all the lower stages of the party. If they are independent-spirited, they quickly revolt against such thought-suppression and drop out of the party. The army of the ex-Communists is often as large as the present membership. But intellectuals who accept this

slavish submission to the decisions of their party superiors remain to become the organizational shock troops of the party.

We will never understand the events taking place within Communism without understanding the internal organization of the Communist Party.

The principle of Communist organization is called Democratic Centralism. In main outline, this means that a vote taken at each committee level is binding on every member of that Committee and on all party members below that Committee, with a possibility of appeal to a higher Committee. This process continues until the Central Committee of the Party is reached and then the Executive of the Central Committee. Once this top Committee is reached, there is, of course, no higher body to which to appeal. Therefore, its decisions are unanimously binding on its entire membership. Whoever can secure the majority vote on the top Committee controls every member of the Communist Party all the way down. There is no method by which differences of opinion in the top Committee can divide the Party. Whoever wins can destroy his opponents without affecting the integrity of the Party in any way. Thus, contrary to appearances, quarrelling among the top Communist Leadership is not an evidence of division within the Communist Party.

### 3. *Scientific Exploitation of Community Needs to Advance the Communist Party in Popularity and Power.*

Having won the students, and trained and disciplined them, the Party sends them out to work for Communism. This does not mean they confine themselves to the winning of Communist recruits or the teaching of Communism. It means that they are charged with discovering the burning emotional issues shared by the people and the exploitation of these issues for Communist purposes. Every organized group of people has something that it wants very much. The Communist plan is to discover what this is. The party functionaries then devise programs to secure these objectives.

The Communist target varies from country to country—from decade to decade. In the United States during the Communist Party heyday, in the late Thirties and early Forties, the group targets were the new CIO unions, the Negroes, the writing fraternity and Hollywood. The party grew by establishing itself as the champion of these groups.

In Russia, the spectacular early growth of the Bolsheviks, before they seized power, was obtained among the disaffected soldiers and sailors. By voicing their grievances, Communism consolidated itself as a soldiers' and workers' party. But its activities were steered almost exclusively by intellectuals.

In China the story was different.

Here the grand strategy of Communism during the years after the rise of Mao Tse-tung to party leadership was to win the peasants. Chinese students, always a political power in China, were brought into the Communist Party in increasing numbers and became 'agrarian reformers.' They went to the poor farmers with the magnetic cry of anti-landlordism and 'divide the land'. As a result of this pinpointed campaign, great numbers of discontented farmers lined up with the Communists for leadership against the landlords and rural users. With the triumph of the Communist rebellion in 1949, a program of land reform and debt abolition was offered by the new Communist regime to the poor farmers.

### 4. *Revolution, War and Conquest*

With the winning of power in any country, the role of students and intellectuals changes. They become the commissars who carry out the party wishes. They become the new administrative class.

In China, for instance, the ex-students are today the elite of the new Communist social order. They permeate all ranks of the nation's structure, everywhere acting as the enforcement bureaucracy of the collectivization program.

The easy rise to high official rank which the students enjoy under Communism is one of the prime enticements which draws them to the revolution.



### 5. *Scientifically Imposed Minority Dictatorship and Final Enslavement*

Once power has been won by Communism, the ugly visage of dictatorship and terrorism appears. The people soon learn that the idealistic championship of popular causes was only the come-on. Communism in power quickly becomes a different thing from the idealistic cause which was preached before the revolution.

In China, the peasants who had put Mao Tse-tung in power soon learned that they had a new and cruel master. Step by step, the program of slavery was executed.

To keep the majority of the people happy, they fulfilled to a large extent their promise of land and debt abolition. They took every landlord they could find and chopped off his head. They divided up the land and gave it to the peasants who, naturally, were thrilled. The Communists knew that when they began to take the land away from the peasant, which was their ultimate goal, resistance would develop. Resistance requires

leadership. So the Communists surveyed the population to select every individual who by reason of his origin, his training, or his associations, showed potentialities of future leadership. These people were then arrested on some pretext or other and executed. They then disarmed the people—every gun and every weapon of any sort had to be surrendered. They gave great rewards to anyone who could tell where a weapon was hidden, and set everyone to spying on everyone else, with special emphasis on the child.

It was then forbidden to travel from village to village without an internal passport. So, they had the entire population immobilized.

They then stopped freedom of association. People could not get together except under official Communist sponsorship and control.

The above five steps are in operation in every country in the world today. Communism, like cancer, must be met in its early stages if it is to be defeated. The time to act is *now!*

### ***What You Can Do !***

Your conscience and your intelligence should tell you that you must act *now* to stop treason, subversion, the poisoning of children's minds, and the destruction of our American way of life. Help to inform your friends. Help AMERICAN MERCURY and the other organizations that have the courage to tell the provable truth. In so doing, you may leave your children a little less money but you will leave them a far better country. I myself have resolved to do this.

RUSSELL MAGUIRE

# THE BOOK SHELF

## An Egghead Scrambles History

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR. By George F. Kennan. Princeton University, Press, 1956. \$7.50, 544 pp.

HAD Adlai Stevenson been elected President, his first choice for Secretary of State would undoubtedly have been George F. Kennan. Doomed by the November verdict to remain a private citizen, Mr. Kennan—the Mr. X of the Truman ‘containment’ policy—now rusticates in Princeton, writing history instead of making it. The first volume from his pen, *Russia Leaves the War*, is a promising augury of the series which lies ahead.

Mr. Kennan has chosen as his canvas the fateful five months between November, 1918 and March, 1919 when Russia succumbed to Lenin and Trotsky and dishonorably signed the treaty of Brest-Litovsk with Germany. The story has repeatedly been told before. Mr. Kennan’s contribution has been to reconstruct these fevered days in Petrograd from the standpoint of the American official community in Russia. He has painstakingly dredged up the copious memoirs and correspondence of the American actors in this Russian

tragedy. The book which he has written is an intriguing story. It is also a deceptively slanted rearrangement of historic facts.

Certainly Petrograd, at the birth of the Communist regime, was probably afflicted by the most weird collection of American official and unofficial representatives ever thrown together. The clash of their temperaments and rival ambitions is the theme of Mr. Kennan’s pages. A Petrograd which entertained at one time such incorrigible American eccentrics and exhibitionists as Raymond Robins, John Reed, William Boyce Thompson, Arthur Bullard, Albert Rhys Williams, Dr. Boris Reinstein, and Alexander Gumberg was certain to get a squint-eyed picture of American character. The staggering fact is that these political port-siders came very near to stampeding Washington into quick recognition of the Soviet regime. Had our White House occupant at that time been Franklin D. Roosevelt instead of Woodrow Wilson, there is very little doubt that they would have succeeded.

The real story of those frenetic five months is the story of the gallant—it would not be an exaggera-

tion to say heroic—fight of a now forgotten St. Louisan to stop the Robins-Thompson intrigue for American recognition. This story of David R. Francis, American Ambassador, Mr. Kennan has badly muffed. Hobbled by his “Liberal” sympathies, Mr. Kennan joins in the stereotyped “liberal” smear of Francis, and touches with light hands the pro-Bolshevik cabal of Americans in Russia who were venomously engaged in undermining the Ambassador.

Were it not for the fortunate accident of Francis’ presence in Russia at the time of the Lenin revolution, the whole American course in early Communist Russia would have been different. But no suggestion of this Francis’ central role emerges from the Kennan pages. Instead, he parrots all the stale sneering remarks at the Ambassador which have been the stock in trade of all the “liberal” books on the Bolshevik triumph.

WHO WAS David R. Francis? Mr. Kennan would give us to understand that he was a “confused” and almost senile incompetent who was incapable of coping with the perky Robins. He pictures him as whipsawed by “men far younger, more active, better informed, and intellectually more agile than himself.” The picture is a preposterous one to anyone acquainted with the real history of this period.

Francis was one of the most exceptionally qualified men whom America had ever sent to the Russia post. A brilliantly successful businessman and newspaper publisher, he had been a member of Cleveland’s cabinet, governor of Missouri and mayor of St. Louis. Instead of being the “provincial” whom Kennan describes, he had, as President of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, traveled and dealt with government heads in all countries. He was an intimate of the great.

To say, as Mr. Kennan does wearisomely, that this astute and practical-minded man could be taken in by such mountebanks as Robins and Gumberg is a patent absurdity. The actual story of the period which Mr. Kennan has set himself to describe is the story of how the Ambassador shrewdly checkmated the skyie “liberals” at every turn.

Mr. Kennan was not deceived by Raymond Robins, and he presents him as the slippery, unsleepingly ambitious careerist that he was. Although the author doesn’t say so, it is very obvious that Robins was intriguing with important Washington persons for Francis’ job. He hoped to ride into this honor on the wave of his personal and carefully cultivated friendship with Trotsky, assisted by Gumberg’s friendship with Lenin. As Russian chief of the American Red Cross, he was independent of Ambassa-

dorial control, and was able to make himself seem indispensable to Washington as the only American to whom Trotsky would talk. That his access resulted from his freely expressed sympathy with Russian Communism was the thing which disturbed the Ambassador.

THIS reviewer knew Robins well during the period immediately following that chapter in Russia. A brilliant orator, but a thoroughly unreliable man politically, Robins was the prototype of the Owen Lattimores and the Alger Hisses of the Second World War. He was eternally a man on the make in politics, with a mind twisted by the belief that America's wave of the future was headed for the Left. In Petrograd he found his opportunity to strut, for a moment, on the world stage. If Francis in Petrograd, and such Russian realists in Washington as Samuel Gompers and his adviser, William English Walling, had not stopped him, it is frightening to think how far he might have traveled in the confusing Russian maze of 1919.

Mr. Kennan shows his prejudice of his facts again when he categorically dismisses the Sisson Documents as "forgeries." In this he is repeating the stock "liberal" sneer of the last 35 years. He is disregarding the fact that Sisson was authorized to secure the documents by Wilson, that they were approved

by two successive directors of the Russian affairs bureau of the State Department, and that they were examined at the time by two top historical scholars, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, director of the department of historical research of the Carnegie Institute, and Dr. Samuel N. Harper, professor of the Russian Language at the University of Chicago. He downgrades this academic evidence by quoting from an apparent retraction by Dr. Harper, written years later when friendship for Red Russia had become a popular fad among university professors.

Edgar G. Sisson, assembler of the documents which prove receipt of German subsidies by the Russian Bolsheviks, is also one of author Kennan's lesser enthusiasms. Although crediting Sisson with initiative and superabundant energy, he finds opportunities to drop sly hints that he had personality defects. He is profoundly impressed by the fact that the British rejected the authenticity of the documents. One of the most extraordinary information feats of the war is dismissed airily as a hoax, or swindle. The reputation of Sisson, a top flight magazine editor of his day, will survive Mr. Kennan's needling.

Despite these glaring defects of interpretation, *Russia Leaves the War* is a colorful and highly readable recapture of a period which changed the direction of history. Some of the expectant and almost

apocalyptic atmosphere of those months, among American intellectuals, is caught by Mr. Kennan in his racing pages. It is a book which all students of the origin of Communism should read. It shows that the lunatic fringe of American lovers of Red Russia began its recruitment in the very first days of the Communist triumph.

—H.L.V.

**WHALE OFF!** By Everett J. Edwards and Jeannette Edwards Rattray. Coward-McCann, Inc., 210 Madison Ave., New York. \$10, 262 pp.

**N**OT LONG AGO at the cry "whale off" along our Long Island shores, fishermen would take to their 28-foot rowboats to harpoon an 80-ton, 70-foot whale as part of a day's work.

The son and daughter of Cap'n Joshua Edwards have written the life of this tough, old whaler and also given the first complete history of the whaling industry off the shores of Eastern Long Island between 1640 and 1918.

Two points of interest to New York state history are brought out: (1) That a New York colony man was invited to Nantucket to teach Nantucketers how to whale; and (2) That in 1672, one hundred years before the Boston Tea Party, the battle cry "no taxation without representation" was already a live issue on Long Island. A local

whaleman, Samuel Mulford of East Hampton, went to court in London to plead against an unjust tax on whale oil.

**POSTED MISSING:** The Story of Ships Lost Without Trace in Recent Years. By Alan Villiers. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York. \$4.75, illustrated, 310 pp.

**E**VERY YEAR at least one big ship is likely to vanish without a trace. This lively narrative by an Australian-born, sailing ship master deals with case histories of some of these ships—sealers, tramps, cargo-carriers, passenger and motor ships—that have vanished in recent years.

One of the more extraordinary cases of missing ships was the 20,000-ton Brazilian battleship, São Paulo, which was being pulled by two tugs when she slipped her tow in a severe storm.

"Her loss under such conditions is the more inexplicable," writes Villiers. "All she had to do was float."

In his carefully documented research, Villiers visited ports from which many of the missing vessel sailed. He attended official inquiries wherever possible.

He puts in a moving plea for measures to insure the safety of seafarers.

**THE ART OF SUCCESS.** By the Edi-

tors of Fortune. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. \$5.00, 302 pp.

THERE are plenty of questions worth asking about the 21 top American business men herein profiled. How did they get where they are? What makes them tick and how do they arrive at their business decisions?

These questions remain unanswered in this dry and superficial book.

The editors of Fortune vaguely imply that today's business man has developed a social consciousness, but they fail to substantiate the Pollyanna twist that is one of the more tiresome aspects of the slick journalistic formula. Why, for instance, does the president of General Motors change the body of his automobiles each year without incorporating in them the safety features that would save millions of drivers' lives?

True, economic progress and social legislation now prevent business men from exploiting workers, but they remain reactionary, at least in the 20th century sense of the term. Note their illiberal attitude towards employment of elderly workers and their discrimination against employment of women in executive spots.

It would also be interesting to find out why big business is forever financing such ultra-liberal lobbies as the Ford Motor Company's

offshoot, The Ford Foundation—and its child, The Fund for the Republic? Is it because they are "hooked" by their greed and desire to gain special government favors for their particular industry?

CONFESSIONS OF "THE OLD WIZARD."  
By Hjalmar Schacht. Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park Street, Boston. \$5.50, 471 pp.

HJALMAR SCHACHT, former president of the Reichsbank, twice took part in a conspiracy against Hitler. The second time led to his arrest and imprisonment by the Gestapo.

But his anti-Nazi activity did not save the German patriot from proceedings by the allied Nuremberg "war criminal" trial. He was finally acquitted and the year 1950 found him a free man after seven years of imprisonment under various governments. The prominent financier was then 71, destitute, and with a wife and two young daughters to support. His only son had perished in Russian hands. But Schacht is not bitter over the reversal of his wheel of fortune. He has not sought to write a defense memorandum. This Lutheran of old farmer stock finds solace in whimsy and philosophical verse:

"As a holy terror I'm always seen  
By the shirker, the lukewarm, the  
not-so-keen

If they could they'd have eaten  
me whole, although

They know

They couldn't digest such a tough old bean."

Most of this autobiography reads as a charming family album. In his personal life "the old wizard" appears to exemplify those moral qualities which have led to Germany's re-emergence as a great power: devotion to work, family, and country.

A SPACE TRAVELER'S GUIDE TO MARS. By Dr. I. M. Levitt. Henry Holt & Co., Inc., 383 Madison Ave., New York City 17, N. Y. \$3.50, 146 pp.

**H**OLD ON to your hats—inter-planetary flight is just around the corner, asserts the director of the Fels Planetarium of the Franklin Institute.

Utilizing his sound scientific knowledge, Dr. I. M. Levitt speculates on how we will reach the planet Mars and what to expect on arrival.

Scientists believe, according to Levitt, that an earth-circling space station will be used as a launching platform for either a Martian probe or a manned trip to Mars.

On the question of life on Mars, the scientist writes that while there is considerable evidence of vegetable life, no evidence exists of animal life on this planet.

Included in this clearly told and absorbing space Baedeker is a description of the solar system and the beginning of life on earth.

HAVE YOU LIVED OTHER LIVES? By Ernest C. Wilson. Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York City. \$3.95, 163 pp.

**I**T is the present fashion to relegate the doctrine of reincarnation to followers of clairvoyants and devotees of the ouija board. Yet a belief that each of us has lived other lives has been held by an impressive group of men including Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Huxley, Spinoza, Goethe, Whitman and Ibsen.

One of its more serious present day advocates is Dr. Ernest C. Wilson, minister of the Christ Church, Unity, in Los Angeles. His belief is based on a reading of the scriptures, his own experiences, and those of others.

Reverend Wilson would do little to convince those who seek hard, scientific "facts" on reincarnation, but few can dispute the author's argument that a belief in reincarnation is both helpful and consoling for some people.

INSIDE THE STATE DEPARTMENT. By Bryton Barron. Comet Press Books, New York. \$3.00, 178 pp.

**B**RYTON BARRON, former state department historian, charges that the Eisenhower administration has failed to clean up the "mess" in the state department.

Barron was forced to retire last February as a result of criticism

against only partial release of the wartime Yalta conference papers and refusal to release documents on the Teheran and Potsdam conferences.

In his book he is critical of the department because "officials who worked in close association with Alger Hiss still hold high posts" and because the department is defying congressional orders to publish records of wartime diplomacy.

The former chief of the Department's Editorial Section pins the blame for the historical blackout on such Truman holdovers as Dr. G. Bernard Noble, head of the historical division, John French, Robinson McIlvaine, and Carl McCordle. He urges a thorough congressional investigation of the activities of such officials as Assistant Secretary of State Livingston Merchant and Counselor Douglas MacArthur, 2nd. He notes that Robert Bowie, known to be "less opposed than others to ultimate recognition of Red China," was recently advanced to an assistant secretaryship.

This book gives us only a hint of the contents of the still secret documents. A statute without limits, passed during the Roosevelt administration, seals his lips forever.

Nevertheless, here is one more bit of testimony by a man who should know that pro-Reds, internationalists and a bureaucratic "elite" are continuing to conduct American foreign policy behind the backs of the electorate.

**THE SEARCH BENEATH THE SEA:** The Story of the Coelacanth. By J. L. B. Smith. Henry Holt & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York. \$3.95, illustrated, 260 pp.

SCIENTISTS may appear to be abstract and disembodied beings, but in fact, theirs is a world fraught with personal rivalries, a scramble for public recognition, and nationalistic ambition.

The almost naive revelation of a scientist's pride and ambition constitutes one of the more fascinating themes of Professor Smith's 14-year search for a fossil fish.

Fundamentally, this is a success story of how an unknown South African scientist triumphed over derision from colleagues and the indifference of officialdom to discover a "four legged" fish believed to be extinct for two hundred million years.

—*Edith Kermit Roosevelt*

If at first you don't succeed, remember that it helps to use a fork to get olives out of a bottle.

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Nobody can push a man into a high income bracket like a wife who needs the money.

—DR. O. A. BATTISTA



# THE OPEN FORUM

*Letters from readers on any subject are welcome—the more independent in thought and expression, the better. The editors hope to acknowledge all of them, either in these columns or by correspondence. The right is reserved to shorten or condense in view of space limitations. Please use a typewriter!*

## **Why Do Our Courts Protect Criminals?**

Sir: I am one of the ordinary citizens whom Mr. Waite seeks to arouse by his article "Why Do Our Courts Protect Criminals?" (January, 1956) in which he deplores turning criminals loose on what he calls mere "fleyspecks of technicality." I am indeed aroused, but not in the manner expected by Mr. Waite.

I rejoice in these court decisions. I rejoice that a court censured a police officer for taking it upon himself to invade Anne Johnson's hotel bedroom and to go through her bedclothing in search for incriminating evidence. I sleep sounder for knowing that I, too, have protection against a similar irresponsible search.

I believe it to be the purpose of these decisions not to protect criminals and delight Communists, as Mr. Waite implies, but, rather, to protect the rank and file of citizens, including Mr. Waite and including those of presumed, and, indeed, actual criminality. It occurs to me that we should want more of this brand of justice.

Protection of the inherent rights of all individuals is the highest, if not the only, function of our government. There is nothing technical about the Bill of Rights, which plainly recognizes "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects." There is nothing inconsistent

about preserving the higher law, even at the expense of a lesser one.

Mr. Waite thinks it an abomination that the courts refuse to consider the "guilt" of a person convicted on illegally obtained evidence. "Guilt or innocence," he says in effect, "does not enter their findings." And well it should not. "Guilt" or "innocence" are empty words when a person has been unfairly convicted. And a lynching is a lynching, irrespective of the probable, but forever undetermined, guilt of the wretch who was hanged.

Yes, I am thankful for these decisions. When my sons go off to war I can give them compelling reasons for defending their country with their lives. But I cannot if Mr. Waite has his way. He seems to think that law enforcement consists of first making an unshakable determination of someone's guilt and then going out and getting the goods on him.

Mr. Waite comes pretty close to saying that the Constitutional right to be secure from unwarranted intrusion into your home or into your mind is something to be held only on good behavior—with someone in a superior position, of course, determining what is good behavior. I am all for the law enforcement official, but I wish to enjoy security in my home through his protection, not by his grace.

Like Mr. Waite I would like to see an outpouring of indignation. Not,

however, against the courts for protecting our civil liberties, but against an attitude—an attitude that cheapens the individual and hacks at the principles of individual sovereignty on which this country was founded and on which our ultimate strength rests. Principles for which Mr. Waite has not one word to say in his article.

No, Mr. Waite, I will not join your campaign. I don't fear thieves and criminals half so much as I do the medicine you are peddling.

LOUIS W. JONES  
San Mateo, Calif.

*Sir:* The answer to this question is simple and is well known even to retired professors of law. That answer is that in our country a man is not a "criminal" until a court has found him guilty of some offense. It would be ideal if there was some way to put the cart before the horse and to decide before trial whether a man was guilty or innocent. The guilty could then be convicted with dispatch or, perhaps, jailed without the useless formality of a trial. The innocent could be given all constitutional rights.

Unfortunately, there is no way to do this, since the trial itself is our device for determining guilt or innocence. Thus our courts, while protecting all citizens, occasionally protect some persons who may, indeed, be guilty.

Giving everyone the same rights is not something new, although Professor Waite seems to have discovered this principle only recently. In the Magna Charta, granted in England in 1215, King John provided that:

"No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseized, or outlawed, or banished, or any ways destroyed, nor will we pass upon him, nor will we send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land."

It is true that legal law enforcement is hard work. It would certainly be easier to throw everyone in jail than it is to investigate and prosecute individual cases within the limits set by our constitution. Most citizens, however, would rather see their policemen and prosecutors building solid cases within constitutional limits than face mass arrests and wholesale searches without evidence or excuse.

WILLIAM F. WALSH  
Attorney and Counselor At Law  
Houston, Texas

EDITOR'S NOTE: Well said, gentlemen. Sorry we had to condense such excellent replies.

### *What I Am Going to Do After Death*

*Sir:* The Article "What I Am Going To Do After Death" by Alma Merrick Helms in your September issue is, by all odds, the most captivating I ever read in the MERCURY since I became a subscriber.

Far beyond that, I think it is better than any article I ever read, anywhere.

CHARLES M. SHEAFE, JR.  
New Haven, Connecticut

### *McKeldin of Maryland*

*Sir:* Reading Russell Turner's article "McKeldin of Maryland" in your August issue turns my thoughts to an elderly man who once told me, "Each human being looks at life through a different pair of glasses."

I believe most Marylanders see Governor McKeldin in an entirely different light from that of the people with whom Russell Turner talked in collecting material for the article. To us he is a conscientious, hard-working governor, and we like the job he is doing. The record will show no Governor has ever gone to greater lengths to get good

advice. Governor McKeldin's love of people and his sympathetic interest in their individual welfare have endeared him to the people of this State. These qualities we feel are sorely needed in the world today.

On the last page, Mr. Turner stated, "Last year, McKeldin refused to do anything to help the GOP nominee for Mayor of Baltimore . . . Samuel Hopkins." This statement is incorrect. The fact is that Governor McKeldin did not have to be asked to help. He volunteered his services, and in my opinion could not conceivably have done more for the mayoralty campaign.

SAMUEL HOPKINS  
Baltimore, Md.

*Sir:* The Maryland Federation of Republicans has forwarded to me a reprint entitled "McKeldin of Maryland." I would suggest to you that if this is the best Mr. Turner can turn out, you had better get another reporter. Here are examples of the inaccuracies:

1. On Page 2, *The Baltimore Sun* is described as "... normally a staunch McKeldin supporter..." What a laugh! The *Sun* rarely, if ever, gives a fair break to a Republican.

2. On Page 3, you mention the increase of the Governor's salary from \$4,500 a year to \$15,000. The reporter should have stated that this increase was granted over the objections of the Governor.

3. On Page 4, you state "...many believe a judgeship or some other boost upstairs will be found for the state's junior senator, Republican J. Glenn Beall..." If the reporter had carefully done his job he would know that Senator Beall is not an attorney and therefore not eligible for a judgeship.

4. On Page 6, reference is made to the alleged withdrawal by the Governor of nomination of Miss Charlotte Main as a magistrate. My recollection is that

the Senate refused confirmation after the Governor had made the nomination.

5. On Page 7, you make reference to the St. Mary's County situation and the Governor's alleged refusal to investigate conditions there. The Governor has no jurisdiction to oust or override the responsibilities of the local authorities, namely the Grand Jury, State's Attorney and Sheriff.

Governor McKeldin is not perfect. None of us are. Your article, however, is pure, unadulterated drivel.

MARVIN H. SMITH  
Denton, Md.

*Sir:* The signer of this letter is not only President of the Maryland Federation of Republicans but is a former political reporter of more than 30 years experience writing for Baltimore newspapers. May we take up the five criticisms which Mr. Smith directed against the article:

1. It is a fact of common knowledge that *The Baltimore Sun* did support editorially Governor McKeldin when he ran against the Democrat candidate, H. C. Byrd, in the last gubernatorial election.

2. As to the raise in the Governor's salary from \$4,500 to \$15,000, McKeldin's objection to the raise was only "window dressing." He has never refused his pay check. He could, if he were sincere, refund any sum he considered excess, as other public officials have done.

3. It is true that Senator J. Glenn Beall is not a lawyer, but there are certain judgeships, like the Judge of a Probate Court, which do not require the appointee to be a lawyer. It is a fact known to everyone that Senator J. Glenn Beall will not run for reelection and is expected to receive some other post. McKeldin does have his eye on this Senate seat.

4. How any person who has the barest

political knowledge could make a statement such as Mr. Smith made in regard to Miss Charlotte Main is difficult to understand. A governor is a powerful figure in the state government. Had he put up any kind of fight for Miss Main, she would have been re-appointed. What actually happened is that McKeldin nominated her but had her "knocked off" by others so he could escape the wrath of the many women organizations which supported her.

5. For a member of the Bar to make a statement that the Governor is powerless to act in matters of a racketeering nature in a county within his State is too preposterous to even refer to.

Mr. Turner, the author of the article, performed a great public service in writing "McKeldin of Maryland." After all, McKeldin was actively seeking the nomination for Vice President.

JOHN H. McFAUL  
President, the Maryland  
Federation of Republicans

### ***I Hate Southern California***

Sir: As a subscriber to your very excellent magazine I must take exception to the article, "I Hate Southern California." (June, 1956) As a resident of California for over 36 years I believe I am, at least in a small degree, capable of telling you of the great advantages in living in this great state.

DR. GEORGE C. MACGREGOR  
Glendale, Calif.

Sir: On another sheet I am calling attention to 48 false statements in the article, "I Hate Southern California." Because of the truly grave nature of these diatribes, and because I can find but six statements in the article that can in any degree be accepted as true, I am asking you to print in an early issue the enclosed "Southern Californian's Creed," as a partial atonement for the injustice

you have done to a great people in a great section of these United States.

G. C. STEARNS  
San Diego, Calif.

*[Since Mr. Stearns' "Creed" ran to two large, single-spaced pages, it was not feasible to reproduce. But, after reading it, we're thinking of moving our office out there!]*

Sir: Enclosed is 35 cents. Please send me the June issue which contains the article "I Hate Southern California." Loaning my copy to persons I trusted to return it, that June issue just got lost, and I must have it. You should see my acquaintances bristle when introduced to the title, but everything in the piece is so true, although those of us who have chosen Southern California as our living place wouldn't reside elsewhere.

I can have more fun with that piece. This time, if I loan it, I will fasten it down so that I will not be the loser.

MRS. MARIAN KRETTLER  
San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The editors of MERCURY (or their successors) will probably continue to receive letters on this article as long as there's a copy in print. We're happy that many of our readers, like Mrs. Krettler, accepted it as the tongue-in-cheek piece it was intended to be.

### ***Sanity Hearings and Mental Hospitals***

Sir: The AMERICAN MERCURY is beyond doubt one of the leading proponents of the maintenance of America's freedom and security. It has correctly and justifiably aired many pertinent issues.

Yet, a deplorable and disgraceful procedure, which is inconsistent with freedom and security, exists in the country today. It is more than strange to me

why this procedure has not been sufficiently aired by any leading magazine.

I refer to the sanity hearing procedure at which persons alleged to be mentally ill are afforded no more Constitutional rights than an animal consigned to the slaughter pen.

Mr. Paul Wolfe, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., propounds the issue squarely and aptly when he states: "Aside from the medical aspects of the problem, which are subject to variation according to the conflicting schools of thought, it is also necessary to consider the principles of good democratic government in relation to the imprisonment of innocent persons, be they sick or well."

J. C. GIBSON  
Decatur, Ill.

*Sir:* I am not a communist, nor am I well educated, but I am a woman with a heart and a certain amount of good common sense and I think it is time someone tells the truth without varnish about the mental wards in our V.A. hospitals.

I was employed for some time as psychiatric aide in one of the Middle West's leading Veterans' hospitals. The medical wards were tops but the wards for the insane are a disgrace to our country.

(name withheld)  
Topeka, Kansas

EDITOR'S NOTE: Both the above letters were received before a manuscript arrived at our office entitled "Veterans

In A Snake Pit," published in our December issue.

### Segregation

*Sir:* Permit me to tell you how much I was thrilled to read the article "The South Won't Surrender." To a people who have lived long behind the "paper curtain" of national publications which they have erected against many of the customs and traditions of our region, especially as it relates to racial matters, we had about decided we were never going to get any part of our story across to other great areas of America through established magazines.

I am sending information to 10 friends in Councils I know of for them to send in subscriptions. We are not trying to buy your editorial opinion, for we know that would only insult you, but we do want in our own small way to show our appreciation for a gesture toward fairness.

We ask no special favors—only an even break—for we know that, given that break, our Southern spokesmen can hold their own with those of any other region—either orally or on the printed page, in the courtroom, the halls of Congress, radio, television or any other mass media available to us. For we feel that we have one mighty weapon that all the cleverness and wealth or our opposition cannot match, and that is the Truth.

D. FRED SHORT  
Fairfield, Ala.

THE MERCURY hopes to hear from more of you next month.

**LEARN WHILE ASLEEP!**

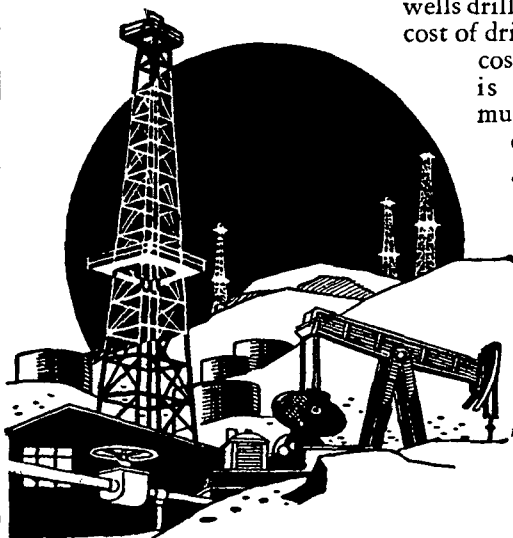


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This has been done even though, out of every 9 wildcat wells, 8 are dry holes. One out of every 44 wildcat wells finds new oil reserves equivalent to national demand for about 4 hours. And *one* out of 991 has enough new oil to match *more* than a week's consumption. One-fourth of all productive

wells drilled never return the cost of drilling. The average cost of a wildcat well is \$123,000. There must be incentives to encourage these great risks.

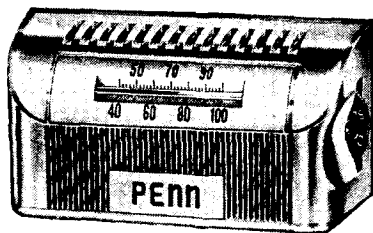


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## History Repeats Itself

WORLD WAR I started in Europe in 1914. In 1916, Woodrow Wilson was re-elected President on the campaign platform that he had kept us out of war. However, in 1917, one year later, the United States was disastrously pushed into World War I.

World War II started in September, 1939. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was re-elected President for a third term in 1940 because he campaigned on the sacred promise to the fathers and mothers of this country, that their sons would not be sent again to fight on foreign soil. The very next year, 1941, the United States was shamefully dragged into promoted World War II. Fifty four million people lost their lives as a direct result of this war and the American people were saddled with astronomical debts. The only people who have benefited from the wars were the Communists and the international bankers who raked in vast fortunes and gained control of our key industries.

Like his predecessors, Harry Truman also misled us. During the 1948 election, Truman stated that the prospects for peace were good. Two years later, Americans were being killed in Korea. Seven of our outstanding generals have testified that they were "forbidden" to win this United Nation's war.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower recently campaigned for re-election on his pledge to keep us strong and to keep us out of another war. Many well-informed people are convinced that we will be promoted into another holocaust.

Every American father and mother should write to President Eisenhower and to their senators and congressmen, urging them not to allow our "international advisors" to promote us into a war in the Middle East. By doing this, you may be able to save the life of your son, husband, brother or father!

RUSSELL MAGUIRE  
*Chairman of the Board*  
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